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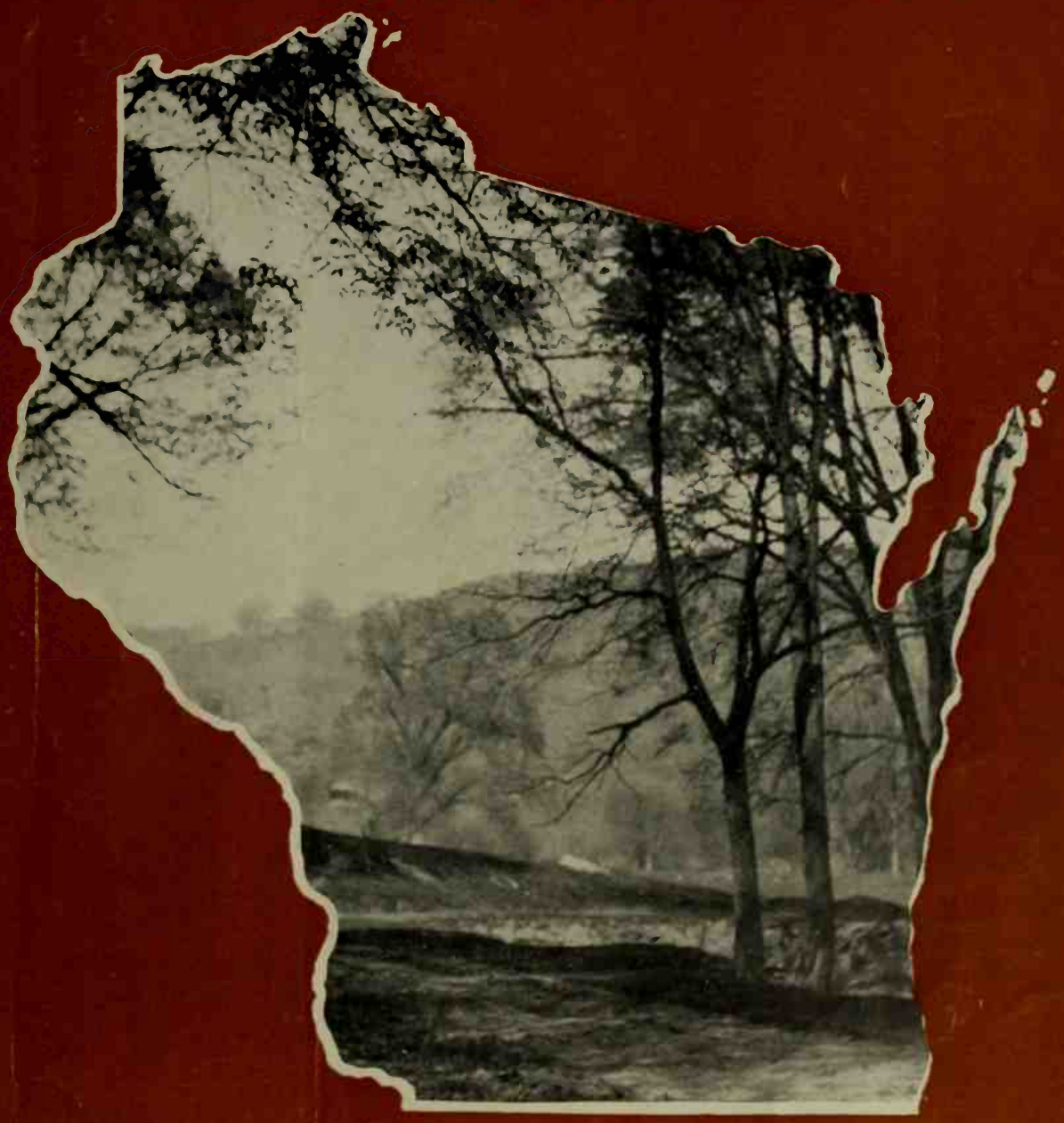
The Wisconsin MAGAZINE

"Know Your Own State"



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The Wisconsin Magazine

August-September, 1924

HARDY STEEHOLM, *Editor*

Vol. II No. 7

Table of Contents

ADVENTURING WITH LAKE FISHERMAN	AMBROSE GANNON	3
A FARM TEN FEET SQUARE	KATHERINE YATES SANBORN	5
CHIPPEWA FALLS, A Poem	WILLIAM F. KIRK	6
RUNES OF THE RIVER: MICHAEL BRISBOIS	LEIGH REX	6
A NOTABLE WISCONSIN EVENT	H. EDWARD MOORE	7
CAN WE TRUST INDUSTRY TO GOVERN ITSELF	CHESTER M. WRIGHT	10
SOME INDIAN MEMORIES	VICTOR KUTCHIN	12
CANDIDATE DAWES IS COMPOSER DAWES	EDWARD MOORE	13
THE NEWSPAPER AND THE COMMUNITY	A. M. BRAYTON	14
BELOIT'S INTERESTING COMMUNITY CLUB	MAY L. BAUCHLE	15
ADVENTURES OF GRANNY FROG AND DADDY TOAD	ALICE LUTES	17
MADELINE AND THE PAST	HELEN PATTEN	18
A REMITTANCE MAN	MARIE DRESDEN	20
VENERABLE WOODS, A Poem	LOIS DWIGHT COLE	22
THE MINISTRY OF THE OUT-DOORS	L. A. BRENNER	22
FOX'S GLEN	W. C. ENGLISH	23
LADYSMITH MEMORIAL PARK	LOUISE LA BERGE	24
MOSS BALING, A WISCONSIN INDUSTRY	ALICE LUTES	24
OLD DUTCH FUDDLE	DAISY GRENZOW	26
NEW BOOKS WORTH READING		30
ORISON SWETT MARDEN		31
CLEVER, BY HECK!		32

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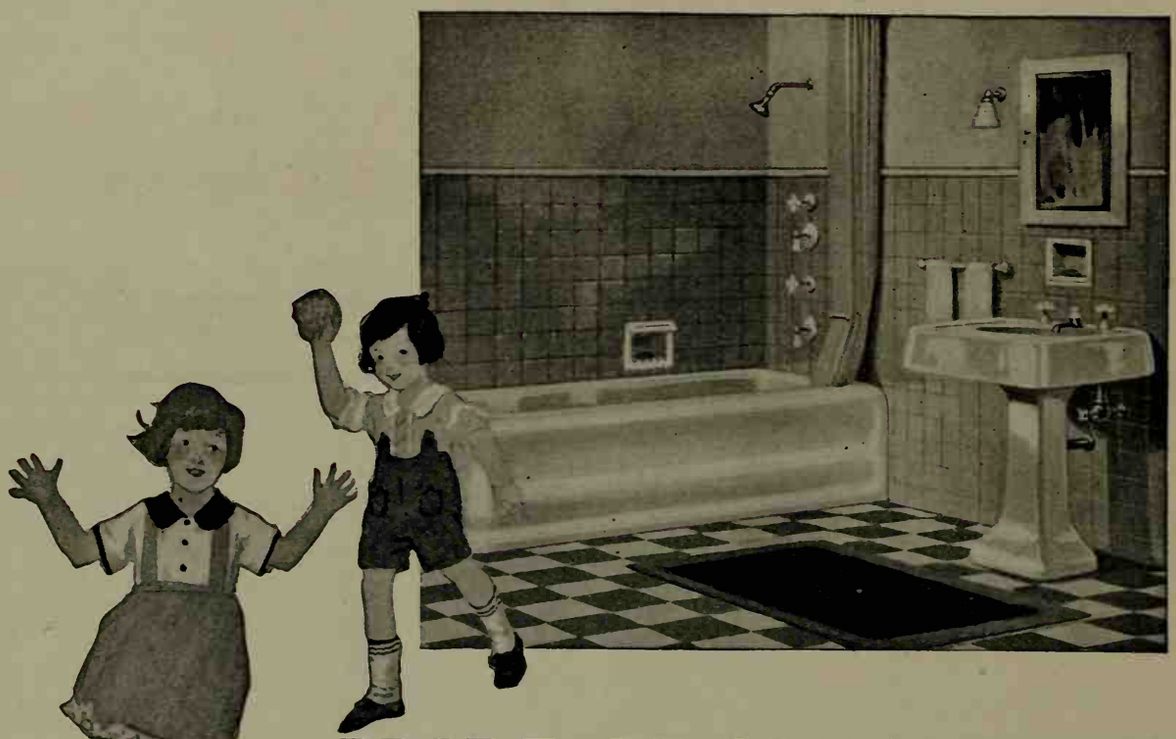

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The modern bathroom is one of Youth's great teachers. Spotless tiling, shining mirrors, and softly gleaming, snowy fixtures are pages in a textbook which teaches the lifelong lesson of pride of cleanliness.

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The Wisconsin Magazine
"Know Your Own State"
AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1924

Adventuring With Lake Fishermen

By Ambrose Gannon

A PURSY fish boat backs out from its pier. Its crude oil engine coughs spasmodically as the helmsman reverses the propeller, then settles into the monotonous put-put-put of a low-speed motor adjusted to run for hours at unchanging pace. Gulls emit startled squawks, take wing, and flutter awkwardly in the wake of the boat, shrieking imprecations, now hovering high above the exhaust stack on long white pinions, now darting down with incredible alacrity upon the prow of the boat to seize a morsel of food. Their person is inviolate did they only know it, for the law protects the mast's scavengers.

Day after day they follow the boats from the harbor at sun-up, wing with it on its course for the day like white paper streamers fluttering at the ends of invisible lines, and return at eventide still shrieking for food, their shrill calls in odd contrast with the gruff coughing of the engine.

The awkward-looking craft plows up the harbor, noses its way between the harbor bars, and puts out upon Lake Michigan, dipping its nose in the troughs and flicking its stern derisively on the crests bobbing at it crawls up the hillocks and slides into the hollows, apparently a creature submissive to the wind and waves, yet jauntily confident in its own resourcefulness.

A rayless sun, engulfed in misty sheen, slides up out of the lake, then beams above the mists as it annoints the murky lake, dull gray at dawn, with gold, and the drab, far-away fields of water, until then apparently as inert as a treeless flat, sparkle and gleam, dancing in the light of a new day, and glinting in a new frock of metallic blue, cold but animate. The helmsman spins the wheel, the boat swerves, then settles on a new course as it heads for a busy bobbing in the distance.

Each morning in Wisconsin a scene similar to the one described in the foregoing is enacted at Lake Michigan ports from Racine to the tip of the Door county peninsula, and from Superior to Ashland on Lake Superior. Each morning, regardless of the season of the year, hundreds of fishermen put out from port on the quest of the largest of the trout family, the creature indifferently called lake or Mackinaw trout in the Great Lakes region, togue in Maine, and gray trout in Canada. For lake trout, once spurned as food and ruthlessly exploited, is today a highly-prized fish dish.

The doughty little fish boat, with its four-man crew and its flock of scavengers, all on the quest of the Mackinaw trout, heads on toward the field of his habitat, the while the great sluggish trout struggles in the gill net or on a hook and line beside a thousand or more of his fellows.

The camera man has just offered the gulls something to eat.

Ranging in the deep waters are countless fellows, free and industriously searching for food, for the Mackinaw trout has a ravenous appetite and is an omnivorous feeder. Smaller fish with flexible fins he swallows at a gulp, and specimens of lake trout have been taken whose entrails revealed jackknives and corn cobs. He once attained a weight of 125 pounds, and his average size before his wholesale slaughter was begun was from 20 to 30 pounds, according to data collected by the United States bureau of fisheries. Today a 10- or 15-pound Mackinaw is considered large, and the run of the day's catch averages near 5 or 6 pounds per fish. A large mouth, studded with strong teeth, a ferocious nature, and an insatiable appetite make him a formidable adversary and a fish that preys more than he is preyed upon. In the Great Lakes he is exceeded in weight only by the sturgeon.

This morning he is enmeshed in the strands of a gill net vainly thrashing the water. Meanwhile, his captors are setting down another gang of gill nets which they will lift two days hence. Aboard the boat, a section of net 1400 feet long plays out from a box container. Weights attached to the edge at intervals of 4 or 5 feet drag the net to the lake bottom and floats attached at the opposite side of the net at equal intervals buoy it upward so that the whole stands upright on the basin floor like a woven fence set across the current of the lake. Four or five more sections of net, set similarly, complete the gang, making a fence from a mile and a quarter to a mile and a half in length which is secured at either end to anchor buoys.

A Mackinaw trout lunges at the net, thrusts his head into the meshes too small to allow the passage of his body, and floundering backward finds himself snared in the strands which pass under the cartilage protection over his gills. He is taken.

Hundreds of his fellows, similarly enmeshed in a net set out two days before, are ready to be lifted.

The boat comes abreast of the anchor buoy, to which is secured the gill net two days out, and stands by. The raucous cries of the gulls are full of expectancy. The free end of the net, released from the buoy, is drawn over the port side near the prow and attached to the lifter, a revolving drum equipped with hooks which alternately seize and release the net as the drum rotates. A gaunt, wind-burned fisherman stations himself at the rear of the lifter near the rail, armed with a gaff hook, and drones soft curses at the gulls momentarily growing bolder. Two other men prepare to unroll the net as it comes over the lifter, to release the trout from its meshes, and to fold it away.

The boat shudders, and moves forward slowly, and the net, rolled into a rope no thicker than a man's thumb, comes winding over the flanged guard on the rail.

The rope thickens where it sheathes a silver belly and a glistening gray back. In another instant the first trout is flopping in the hold. It is a 4- or 5-pounder, 18 or 20 inches long, with a dark gray back marked here and there with pale ovals sometimes flecked with a reddish tinge.

A fishing boat at close range. At the left in the corner are boxes which are used as net containers and a reel on which a net is drying.

The lifter winds on and on, and the heap of trout grows. Now and then one of the captives dangles precariously from the net as it rises from the water. A swift thrust from the gaff-hook man impales the creature on the pike. Few of the big fellows escape once they come within range of the gaff.

With the nets all drawn in, between 400 and 500 pounds of trout lie in the hold. The craft points its stubby nose toward the home port, coughing morosely in the bass while the indefatigable gulls wheel in its wake shrilling in the treble. Oblivious to the noisy concert, the fishermen slit open the bellies of the catch and draw out the entrails, a task which they usually complete before they reach port.

Iced and packed, the catch is speeding by express for the eastern markets by sundown and brings an average return of about 12 cents a pound. Oftimes the catch dwindles to 200 pounds or less a day for weeks at a time, and again a haul of as much as 1250 pounds in a day is made by small boats, while steam boats frequently take 3,000 or 4,000 pounds daily fishing in waters as deep as 90 fathoms with large-meshed nets which secure only the larger specimens. Approximately 13,000,000 pounds of trout are taken from the Great Lakes yearly.

A voracious appetite makes the lake trout an easy victim to the lure of small fry dangled in his environs on a hook. Within the past ten or twelve years, Lake Michigan fishermen, who operate small boats, have inclined more and more toward hook fishing, a process which the peninsula fishermen aver was invented by a Kewaunee, Wisconsin man a decade or more ago.

Drop lines with baited hooks, hanging at the fishing level, are attached to a cross-line which is supported by anchor buoys during the two days which it is out. From 1000 to 1200 hooks make up a gang. The first work of the morning consists of raising small nets, the catch in which supplies the bait for the hooks and determines the number of hooks to be set. The remainder of the process is quite similar to that employed in net fishing, and the catch is consistently quite as large.

Hooks and lines are far less expensive than nets, also which require much of the time of a shore man to keep them in repair during the year. The shore man is an artisan who has spent years in perfecting himself in net-mending, a trade which demands skill in weaving, knotting, and splicing, and an immense stock of patience. Again, in favor of hooks it is pointed out that now and again Old Michigan, lashing furiously in a storm, sweeps miles and miles of nets from their moorings, and they are rarely recovered. It takes many and many a day of fishing to cover the cost of a new gang of nets, while the loss of a gang of hooks involves no great amount.

But hooks are discarded in the harvest time. It is mid-November on Lake Michigan, and the Mackinaw trout, usually a deep-water ranger, migrates to the shallow waters about the honey-combed rocks 10 or 15 miles off shore, or to the reefs and shoals edging islands or the long shelf of the mainland. It is spawning time, and the shoal waters swarm with egg-laden trout bent on depositing the spawn on boulders so that the fry will hatch out in sunfiltered water.

Nets, one night out, bulge heavily with spawning trout. It is a harvest time indeed for the fishermen allowed to operate by virtue of permits from the office of the state Conservation commission.

But, the small fry in embryo suffer little from the fishing operations, for each trout is milked dry of spawn by the fishermen as it is drawn aboard. The milking process is similar to the stripping of a cow. The trout is seized near the head and held over a pail of cold water, while the free hand is moved from the head toward the orifice, squeezing the spawn from the body. Millions of eggs deposited in the pails are later planted, and the fry mature with no higher infant mortality than had the spawning process been entirely natural.

Rich man and poor man, apparently employing the same methods, adventure their fortunes year in and year out in the same fishing fields, the one increasing his wealth, the other struggling for subsistence. But the lure is eternal,—the lure of the open beaches, the thrill of weathering a squall in a tub, the song of the booming wind, the sting of winter spray, the shrill warnings of piping gulls, the lure of the lake that alternately caresses and pummels adventurers upon its bosom, the lake that shifts moods with color fitful as a spite, now burnished blue glancing in the sun, now sullen, black, and sinister, bulging into hummocks and lopping at the boat's hull as if to whet its appetite. But above all—the lure

(Continued on page 27)

The pursy fish boats nose through iced harbors to reach the open reaches of unfrozen Lake Michigan in winter's coldest weather.

A Farm Ten Feet Square

Fred J. Wilhelm of Madison, Wisconsin, Pursues Unique Profession as Maker of Models in Miniature

By Katherine Yates Sanborn

A FARM whose grounds measure 10 feet square, whose highest building is 10 inches tall, and with an orchard where tiny red beads represent apples, — this is one of the many productions of Fred J. Wilhelm, a Wisconsin man. He is one of the few professional model makers in the country.

Many of Mr. Wilhelm's tiny models are made for the "ready cut" lumber companies, who use them extensively in advertising. One company in Iowa has an entire showcase filled with model farm buildings and houses. Some of Mr. Wilhelm's models also go the rounds of the state fairs.

"I work from the architect's drawings," said Mr. Wilhelm. "Every detail must be exact, as the models are an exact reproduction in miniature of buildings that the company offers for sale."

Relief maps are another type of work for which Mr. Wilhelm has many calls. The next relief map you see in your railway station may have been made by Mr. Wilhelm, for he receives orders from all over the United States. These maps require the painstaking work of an expert, for they must be absolutely accurate.

Lilliputian village. There are more than 100 buildings in the model.

Mr. Wilhelm has also helped to make models of Northrup Seminary and St. Olaf College, both near St. Paul. The sets show campus, buildings, and athletic fields. The model of Northrup Seminary is complete even to the tiny ski-jump and football goal-posts.

The various kinds of wood used in sporting goods are shown in a model made by Mr. Wilhelm for the United States Forest Products Laboratory. This was especially difficult to make, as a particular kind of wood had to be used for each piece. There is a tiny mahogany rowing shell with spruce oars, a toboggan, tennis racket, paddles, skis, snow shoes, a bowling alley, golf clubs, baseball bat, gun stock, hockey stick, and polo mallet. Mr. Wilhelm points with special pride to the painted duck which illustrates the wooden decoy.

These articles are so small that they may all be mounted on a board 2 by 3 feet without crowding. When a large sporting goods company heard about the model, they immediately sent an order for a duplicate.

Model farm ten feet square. The model shows in detail farm buildings, double silo, house, and orchard Foliage is represented by pieces of green dyed sponge, and apples by red beads. The barn left contains real alfalfa and the house is wired with tiny electric lights. The largest barn is only ten inches high.

"I use the figures of the government survey," Mr. Wilhelm explained. "I first do the model in clay, casting it in plaster of Paris. I then paint the cast in enamels, getting as nearly as possible the natural color of fields, lakes, and so forth."

An elaborate relief map of Minneapolis, St. Paul and environs took over four months to make, and the area shown contains over 800 lakes.

Models Football Stadium.

One of Mr. Wilhelm's models is of the new half million dollar football stadium of the University of Wisconsin.

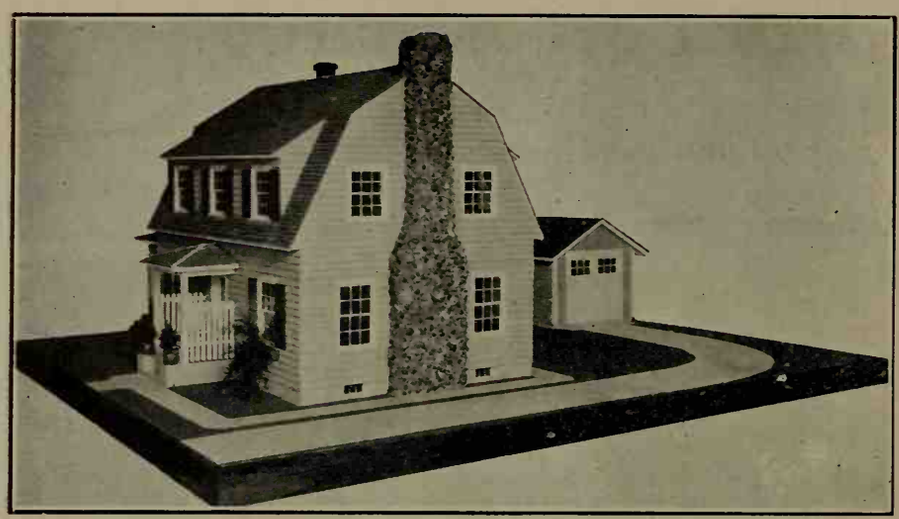
An ambitious city council once called upon Mr. Wilhelm to model an entire town. The model is 5 by 8 feet, and shows the little city of Wheaton, Ill., as it was in 1911. All elevations and streets are shown on an exact scale, while the churches, houses, factories, and trees make it seem like some

Work Receives Gold Medals.

Mr. Wilhelm learned his trade 12 years ago from E. H. Lorenz of the Lorenz Model Company. During the San Francisco World's Fair seven models made by Mr. Wilhelm and Mr. Lorenz were shown, and six of them received gold medals.

While with Mr. Lorenz, Mr. Wilhelm helped to model exhibits for the Wisconsin State Historical Museum. One of these, containing a tiny log cabin and the figures of a man and dog, reproduces with remarkable accuracy early pioneer life in Wisconsin. Snow sparkles on the ground, while ice glitters with all appearance of reality on the frozen well-sweep.

In 1910, when the Chicago city planning commission was projecting certain changes on the lake front, Mr. Wilhelm and Mr. Lorenz made an intricate model of the Chicago harbor with all warehouses and piers.



Model house and garage made for the sales department of Montgomery Ward and Co. The house is forty inches high and the materials of the original are used throughout.

Mr. Wilhelm has for some time been working independently. When he first began his trade, there were only three men engaged in the business, Mr. Lorenz himself, and a man in the East.

Model making is a task that requires great skill and patience. In his attic workshop in Madison, Mr. Wilhelm has a bench fitted with many tools, which at first glance seems like that of an ordinary carpenter. However, it contains numerous queer and delicate tools, many of which are unique.

"I have all the regulation carpenter's tools," he declared, "but often a job will require special tools. These I make myself as I need them."

One of the most interesting features of Mr. Wilhelm's workshop is a block and tackle on which his completed models are carried through a specially constructed window and lowered to the street. One model thus disposed of weighed 1,100 pounds.

Wants to Model Yellowstone

Mr. Wilhelm's model of Glacier National Park was made for the Great Northern Railway Company. It is his ambition to model all of our national parks.

"I would like particularly to do the Grand Canyon and Yellowstone Park," he declared. "I have even planned a way to make the geysers spout. But such models are very expensive, and it is hard to find anyone who is willing to put the money into it."

Mr. Wilhelm has recently completed a model of Devil's Lake region, a resort and show spot near the famous Dells of Wisconsin. The model measures 5 by 8 feet, and is on a scale of 200 feet to the inch. It contains over 5,000 trees, and a train which is only one-eighth of an inch in height.

The buildings are carved from basswood, which is usually used in modelling, as it is very easy to handle. After this they are painted. The tallest building, a three story hotel, is less than one inch high.

"I made this model simply for my own pleasure," said Mr. Wilhelm. "It took nearly two years of my spare time, and required twelve trips to the region. By working steadily I could have made it in four months. The model is worth between $700 and $800."

When asked how he happened to go into the work, Mr. Wilhelm replied, "When I first heard about it, I thought I'd like it. So I went down and got a job with Mr. Lorenz, and I've been making models ever since."

CHIPPEWA FALLS

By William F. Kirk

I

There's a beautiful spot in a beautiful state
  Where the Chippewa River dips into the West.
It is Spring, and the robin is calling his mate
  And the kingbird stands guard in the pine's lofty crest.
It was here that I strolled in the dear days of old
  With the friends that each thought of my boyhood recalls,
And I dwell here anew with the old friends and true
  While the years slip away in old Chippewa Falls.

II

I remember the days when the lumber king reigned
  And the lumberjacks toiled at his stern beck and call,
And scant was the profit the lumber king gained
  When the lofty pine monarchs had met with their fall!
But I knew the wild beauty once flourishing here
  And I loved the wild river that foamed on its way,
And the one spot on earth that shall ever be dear
  Was dear to me then and is dearer today!

III

Rugged grandeur has gone but soft beauty remains
  And when sunset is painting the river with flame
I forget about men with their losses and gains
  While I roam with the friends who are always the same.
And on yonder green hill where the sleepers lie still
  Is a garden of memories brooding apart,
And when Shadows grow deep it is here I would sleep—
  In the home of my boyhood, the shrine of my heart!

Runes Of The River: Michael Brisbois

Michael Brisbois, one of the early and picturesque pioneers of Prairie du Chien, died there in 1837, and was buried, by his own request, upon the brow of a hill overlooking the Mississippi River.

High on the hill a lone forgotten grave!
Far from the friendly thoroughfare he sleeps,
No human habitat—no vigil keeps
For one long dead. All is silence save
The wanton winds. The rains of springtime lave
The greening verdure and the rocky steeps:
The seedling wakens and a tendril creeps
Where snows of winter a white vestment gave.
Below the mystic Mississippi smiles,
River of dreams, of peace, upon its way.
With wond'rous vision of the wooded isles
Here is a pilgrim shrine at close of day.
Here is a vestal spot on sacred sod—
So far from sorrow and so close to God!

—Leigh Rex.

A Notable Wisconsin Event

Probably Last Great Parade of Wisconsin Veterans of the Civil War

By H. Edward Moore

JANESVILLE witnessed what may be the last great parade review of the Department of Wisconsin of the Grand Army of the Republic when over two hundred and fifty of the white haired veterans of 61-65 passed in review down the crowded and gayly decorated streets of the city on Wednesday morning, June 18th, 1924.

The big parade, which took more than an hour to pass, was the crowning event of the three day meet of the Fifty-eighth Annual Encampment of the Wisconsin Division of the G. A. R.

During these three days, June 16th, 17th, and 18th the air was vibrant with the martial music of fife and drums, as the many delegations were met on arrival and escorted to their respective hotels or places where the various encampment meetings were in session. With the veterans came friends and relatives and six associated organizations consisting of the Ladies of the G. A. R., Women's Relief Corps, Sons of Veterans of the G. A. R., and Auxiliary, National Daughters of the G. A. R., and National Alliance, Daughters of Veterans; each to hold meetings and elections of officers and a general reunion and good time, all as honor guests of W. H. Sargent Post No. 20 G. A. R. of Janesville.

Once more, and for what may perhaps be the last time, these few and rapidly decreasing members of the Wisconsin Grand Army of the Republic met and lived over in association of memories and friendships those grave and stirring days when they answered the call of their country. Those first days at Camp Tredway and Camp Randall and other state camps. The final parting with mothers and fathers, wives and sisters and sweethearts, relatives and friends. The sad and pleasant and stirring memories of soldier life in the war, of camp and battle and siege and long marches, of prison pen and hospital, of soldier fun and frolic, great friendships and friends and comrades lost in battle and disease, of pain and suffering and starvation. Like sunshine and shadow these memories trooped again across the vision of the mind. Their faces radiant with pleasure and enjoyment, and their eyes still bright with the fire of life and the spirit of comradeship and patriotism, these "Kids of '61" were young again on this occasion at least. The courtly welcome extended to them on every hand by the citizens; the meeting of old friends; the living over again those historic days of long ago; their mingling with the veterans of the Spanish American war and of the World War; all this was inspiring and strengthening and added to their youthfulness, and it may be that these annual encampments and the various other activities of the Grand Army of the Republic and its associated societies has much to do with retaining the superb vitality displayed by these "Boys in Blue" as a group.

Escort of Honor Drum Corps and officials waiting at the Depot to receive Department Commander Alfred S. Eaton of Superior, Wisconsin.

They are holding out nobly, but time is taking its toll. Every year has seen fewer and fewer who are able to stand the fatigue of a long parade march such as that witnessed in Janesville at the 58th Encampment. Even in this last review some were unable to march, even though the spirit was willing; and several of those iron willed veterans who insisted on marching gave out before the parade was over and were picked up by the autos present for such emergency. So it is doubtful if another such great parade review of the Wisconsin Division of the Grand Army of the Republic will ever be attempted; for the ranks are thinning rapidly, falling from 13,987 members in 1890 to 1907 in 1924. And the average attained age of those now living is eighty-two years. So it is indeed remarkable that so many of these grand old patriots were able to attend this 58th Encampment and participate in the parade.

So much history and reminiscence does this event recall that it is impossible in this brief report to touch upon many things. On every street corner and mingling in the crowds and in the hotel lobbies were groups of enthusiastic veterans, and wives and sons, and daughters of veterans and members of their associated organizations, renewing acquaintances and recalling old times during those three delightful days of the 58th Encampment.

To all willing listeners these genial silver haired veterans recalled their experiences and lived over again the thrilling life of the Civil war period. of the first battle in which Wisconsin soldiers participated, the battle of Falling Waters, Va., on July 2nd, 1861, in which the 1st Regiment of Wisconsin was engaged, the first Wisconsin man killed being George D. Drake of Milwaukee; of the famous exploits of the celebrated Iron Brigade, the bloody battle of Antietam, the fall of Vicksburg, the capture of Jeff Davis, the battle of Gettysburg. Badger heroes were present and participated in all these great events; in Sherman's famous march to the sea, the capture of General Lee, and in fact participated in practically all the great battles and gave to the nation many individual heroes and several famous units, including the Iron Brigade which was composed largely of Wisconsin men. Wisconsin furnished about 92,000 men to the Union service and no state in proportion to its population made a better record. This great quota of men was made up of over fifty regiments of infantry, four regiments of cavalry, thirteen batteries of light artillery and one regiment of heavy artillery, and some of them eventually saw service in all the Union armies and in every southern and border state, crowning

The famous Iron Brigade shown in the center led by Commander Frank Dagle, and Mrs. Dagle, secretary and treasurer, and Frank Peterson, grandson of General E. S. Bragg, and adopted son of the Iron Brigade.

their native "Badger State" with a heritage of deathless glory. We might mention incidents by the score and go into endless detail in enumerating the individual heroes and their contributions to the historic greatness of Wisconsin, but space will not permit.

The 58th Annual Encampment was formally opened at the high school auditorium Monday night June 16th. It was a welcome meeting to which all were invited. About one thousand people attended. Patriotism ran high and respect and love for the grand old heroes of '61—65 was shown on every face in the audience. Department Commander A. S. Eaton, Superior, presided. Among the notable attendants who spoke was Frank A. Walsh, Milwaukee, senior vice-commander of the National G. A. R. Other speakers were Mrs. Belle W. Bliss, Baraboo, national head of the Women's Relief Corps, and Mrs. Dansilla Thayer, Chicago, national president of the Daughters of Veterans. The address of welcome was given by Stephen Bolles of the Janesville Gazette. Captain J. Downey, Whitewater, drummer during the Civil war, played the long roll which was taken up by two other drummers, members of the Milwaukee fife and drum corps. Patriotic and appropriate music and songs, and addresses by other notable members of the G. A. R. and associated organizations filled the program.

All participated in the great parade review of Wednesday morning, June 18th. Never was a more inspiring and sublime spectacle ever witnessed in Janesville. The day fair, the blue sky flecked with soft white clouds which, partially obscuring the sun at times, helped to dissipate the too strong rays of the sun, making the air just warm enought for the occasion. Flags flying, red, white and blue bunting and emblems everywhere, autos and floats decorated for the occasion, delegates of the Grand Army men and all allied societies much in evidence everywhere, in uniforms and without, wearing the badges and insignia of their respective orders, all hurrying to their places in the parade formation. The inspiring patriotic music of the fife and drum, bands playing as they marched to position, Boy Scouts hurrying here and there, the massive drab tanks, like jumbo elephants of circus days, and as ungainly, lumbering into place; all this giving a gala and military atmosphere that stirs the blood and sends it tingling to the very finger tips.

The serene dignity and radiant faces of the grand silver haired "Boys in Blue" contrasted with the middle aged Veterans of the Spanish-American war and the young men Veterans of the the Boy Scouts, all mingled in this World War and the youthful faces of typical American civic assemblage in holiday attire, rivaled a gala day in the streets of ancient Rome at its height. In this gathering of the heroes of three wars; in this activity of parade preparation representing all of the elements of citizenship and achievement of our great state and nation, we may perhaps see and feel more of the spirit of American humanity, patriotism, and progress than in any other way or place.

But here comes the parade. At 9:45 A. M. sharp, the call was sounded—"Forward March." Once more and in what in all probability will be the last great review of the Wisconsin Division of the Grand Army of the Republic, the "Boys in Blue" stepped off in company formation, as the monster parade got under way. Eyes bright and to front; many lame and with halting step, some with canes or crutches, and here and there one with missing limb or empty coat sleeve. Brave and with strong wills many of these gray haired veterans insisted on marching who should not have made the attempt. For those unable to stand the march autos were provided. Their official escorts in the parade were the Sons of Veterans of the G. A. R. They were also supported by the orders of the Spanish-American War Veterans and the American Legion Veterans of the World War, and by the allied organizations of the G. A. R. at the Encampment.

To the strains of martial music from fife and drum corps and several bands, the parade moves forward through the throngs of cheering spectators who lined the streets and packed every doorway and office window, Marshall Charles H. Cox leading the parade. Next came the Janesville fire department auto trucks, brilliant red, their metal parts sparkling in the sun, the firemen in striking blue uniform adding color to the scene. Next came the city police marching in blue uniform and neat white trimmed hats. Then came automobiles decorated for the occasion and bearing the members of the city administration. Then patriotic music, as the Bower City Band marched by. The order of Spanish-American War Veterans came next 30 members strong. Commander Fred Church carrying the colors. The Ladies Auxiliary followed.

The American Legion Drum Corps and colors next strode by with military pomp and the rat-ta-tat-tat and shrill calls of the bugles. Seventy-four World War Veterans followed, most of them in uniform or wearing their military caps. The Parker Pen thirty piece band in blue uniform followed. Then came floats representing the Richard Ellis Post of the American Legion Auxilliary, Gold Star Mothers, and Service Star Legion; all beautiful and appropriate. One hundred and fifty Ladies of the G. A. R. came next, led by Louise Lenhart, Milwaukee, and Susan Trafford, Beloit, each carrying a flag.

With an occasional deafening gun report the American Legion floats hove in sight showing a battle scene in the trenches and Legion soldiers in action, and barbed wire entaglements with one wounded or dead soldier caught in the wires. Then more floats representing Betsy Ross, G. A. R. with mounted eagle, Chamber of Commerce with ladies dressed in blue and yellow, Y. M. C. A., Kiwanis Child's Clinic, and a large number of very beautiful and appropriately decorated commercial floats from the various business houses of the city.

Then a brief pause and a gap in the ranks.—Far down the street, with slow and measured tread to the music of fife and drum come the escort of honor of the Grand Army of the Republic, marching very, very slowly, in keeping with the slow but manly efforts of their venerable fathers, the "Grand Old Men in Blue".

Jacob A. Johannas, Milwaukee, former lieutenant in the 127th regiment of the 32nd Division, was in com-

mand, with Captain H. E. Langley, Madison, as First Lieutenant. P. F. Sheebey, Prairie du Chien, in his A. E. F. uniform carried the American Flag of the Division, with Lew Wallace Mc. Comb and F. E. Maynard, Stoughton, as color guards. Charles H. Dean carried the flag of Eau Claire post and J. Val Loebel that of Milwaukee post.

Next came the Veterans Drum Corps of Milwaukee, led by Captain E. A. Biersach, Milwaukee.

Respect and admiration was reflected on the faces of all those who watched as the more than two hundred surviving members of the Grand Army of the Republic marched slowly by, with the colors carried by L. P. Selsing, Wautoma, and W. H. Rivers, Superior, in the lead, and Henry C. Eaton, Fond du Lac, carrying the Department Banner. Interspersed was a float representing the Department of Wisconsin, Grand Army of the Republic, with ladies and children, which was greeted with applause as it passed.

The Reviewing Staff followed, marching five abreast, composed of Commander Alfred S. Eaton, Superior, Senior Vice-Commander A. G. Dismore, Oshkosh, Junior Vice-Commander Frank Fox, Milwaukee, Assistant Adjutant General E. B. Heimstreet, Lake Mills, and Chief of Staff Tom L. Johnson, Milwaukee.

Then came the rank and file of the Grand Army Veterans marching four abreast. The cheering and clapping was continuous. The once great armies of the Badger State, reduced by Father Time and the ravages of war to these few stragglers represented in the various G. A. R. posts passed in order with their colors and banners, among them the banner of Eagle Post, Eau Claire, with an eagle mounted on top—the successor to "Old Abe." On the banner was inscribed the names of the only three surviving members of Regiment: Phil Burke, Tom West, and Sol Fuller. Phil Burke carried the banner and Sol Fuller marched by his side, but Tom West could not be with them. Seventeen members of Eau Claire Post were in the parade. Twelve veterans represented the Lucius Fairchild Post, Madison, with Commander J. S. Meyers, Madison, carrying the State Flag. And L. H. D. Crane Post of Beloit had twelve in line, Commander W. H. Chesbrough leading and Comrade William Wheeler as flag bearer, and Comrade S. D. Ross as color bearer. Among the many posts represented was W. H. Sargent Post No. 20 of Janesville, with Commander L. B. T. Winslow leading, F. S. Winslow carrying the American flag and Eugene Pelton the post colors.

Then amid more salvos of applause came the famous Iron Brigade led by Commander Frank Dagle, and Mrs. Dagle, secretary and treasurer, and Francis Peterson, grandson of General E. S. Bragg, and adopted son of the Iron Brigade. Twenty members of this noted brigade were in line. Following came autos carrying the fifty Grand Army Veterans who were unable to march. Frank A. Walsh, Milwaukee, senior vice-commander in chief of the National G. A. R. rode in the first car.

World war veterans passing in the Grand Army parade.

Two members of John H. Williams post of Berlin were in the parade, George Morton and David Evans. And Griff J. Thomas, earliest department commander now living, was present also. W. H. Sargent Women's Relief Corps No. 2, Janesville, came next. Then more autos with Ladies of the Auxiliary and G. A. R. members riding, were cheered as they passed.

Next came the drill team of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Sons of Veterans of Milwaukee, dressed in white with red capes and blue hats, with Mrs. George White in command. And the National Daughters of the G. A. R., Department of Wisconsin drill team, dressed in white, with Rose Yates and Rhea Hoepfl of Milwaukee in the lead with their banner, Alice Jefferson, Eau Claire, flag bearer, escorted by Charlotte Thompson, Madison, and Stella Belle, Milwaukee.

Autos containing members of the Women's Relief Corps No. 49, followed. Then the high school boys and girls band in their bright new uniforms; the girls in white purple capes and blue hats and the boys in blue. Next came the Daughters of Veterans Drill Team, Tent No. 1, Milwaukee, in white uniforms, led by Sarah Antes.

Eighty Boy Scouts representing five troops of Janesville Boy Scouts followed, symbolic of the extremes in age between the "Kids of '61" and the "Kids of 1924".

Next came the Janesville Tank Company with motor cycle unit in the lead, two supply trucks next and one machine shop truck, with machinery in operation and men at their positions, the six tanks clattering along behind, drab and menacing guns to the front and men at the lookouts, bringing up the rear of the parade, which took over an hour to pass and in which nearly two thousand people participated.

There were many unique, sad, and interesting features of the 58th Encampment.

The youngest G. A. R. veteran at the encampment was E. P. McManamin, Albany, age 74. The oldest veteran present was William Rose of Ft. Atkinson, age 98.

Veteran Clement S. Jackman of Janesville, chairman of the Rock County banks, is believed to be the only living member of the 12th Battery of light artillery, recruited near Janesville. He was with Sherman on the famous march to the sea.

Close to 350 Grand Army men were present at the 58th Encampment, there being one or more members from each regiment that went from the Badger State, except one, that being the 34th.

The Wisconsin Veterans' Drum Corps, led by Captain M. E. Biersach, Milwaukee, which attended the 58th Encampment, is much celebrated. They have played at every national Encampment during the past twenty-four years. Six members were present at this encampment

The historically famous Iron Brigade, which was made up of the 2nd, 6th, and 7th Wisconsin, the 19th Indiana, and the 24th Michigan, won its name because of the hard fighting and the great losses it sustained in the many skirmishes and battles in which it was engaged, among them the noted battle of Antietam, one of the most bloody battles of the Civil war, in which the Iron Brigade lost 373 men; and the battle of Gettysburg in which the Brigade lost 1,160 men, killed, wounded, and missing. The official records at Washington show the Iron Brigade lost a total of 1,721 men in action during the war; this being nearly two regiments out of five.

Two colored members of the G. A. R. were at the encampment and marched in the parade; Henry Sanford of Lucius Fairchild post of Madison, served with the 68th Missouri Infantry, and P. D. Thomas of Racine post, was

(Continued on page 28)

Can We Trust Industry to Govern Itself

By Chester M. Wright

Of the American Federation of Labor

HERBERT HOOVER said something that ought to command the attention of the nation when, addressing the United States Chamber at Cleveland, he declared:

"The test of our whole economic and social system is its capacity to cure its own abuses."

Mr. Hoover meant the capacity to cure the abuses where they arise. "The question we need to consider," he explained, "is whether these rules and regulations, which must constitute the cure, are to be developed solely by government or whether they cannot be in some large part developed out of voluntary action of commerce and industry itself." There we have it.

In "The Covered Wagon" the pioneers came to a point where the trail divided, one route leading to the El Dorado of the California gold fields, the other leading to the fertile fields and hard work of Oregon. So today industry faces a division of the trail. One route leads to a governmental El Dorado, where all is covered with the glitter of promised relief from care and work, government doing all things for all men. The other leads to the sterner fields of self-exertion where all men do for themselves so much as possible.

Self-Help Truly American

TO PUT it another way, on the one hand we are offered the philosophy of governmentalism, under which the state is to assume more and more the vital functions of organized existence. The outcome of this can only be a great state bureaucracy—a great state socialism. Those who are prepared to start on that trail must be prepared to go the route.

On the other hand, we are offered the philosophy of self-help. This is the truly American philosophy. It is precisely this that has put the spring in our step and the fire in our eyes, as a people. It is all summed up in the homely doctrine of standing on your own feet.

He who leans long enough against a wall will soon be unable to keep away from the wall for any great length of time.

Government today is being petitioned to do all manner of things. It is doing all manner of things. Some of these things it must always do. Some, let us hope, it may cease doing. Let us quote again from Hoover:

"The vast tide of these governmental regulations that is sweeping onward can be stopped if it is possible to devise, out of the conscience and organization of business itself, those restraints which will cure abuse; that will eliminate waste; that will prevent unnecessary hardship in the working of our economic system; that will march with our larger social understanding. Indeed, it is vitally necessary that we stem this tide if we would preserve that initiative in men which builds up the character, intelligence and progress in our people.

We have all heard a lot about clarion notes. That's one, for sure. But it is not merely a call in the abstract. "I believe we now for the first time have the method at hand for voluntary organized determination of standards and their adoption." Thus Hoover brings us down to the earth and says, "get busy with the tools that lie to your hand for use."

And, we may add, it is a case of use those tools, or forever hold our peace and take the consequences of a growing state-ism—a growing dependence upon the political state, a growing bureaucracy of governmental machinery, adding to itself at every opportunity, piling up its power, piling up its costs—and giving us precious little in return except restraint and repression.

To picture what this mounting machinery may yet mean to us, consider that **we now have one government employe for every twenty-three inhabitants**—almost as many pay roll attaches as we have automobiles. The cost of running your car hits you directly and you have a chance to make your own decision as to whether you can stand it. You pay for your one-twenty-third of a government employe indirectly, but you pay. Let the merry pace go on and soon you'll tote the ghost of a government clerk in your tonneau every time you back the bus out of the garage.

How often do we stop to think that when political government came into being as a democratic force for self-rulership it was built upon an agrarian foundation. It was built to gain and guarantee certain human rights. It was built to function in a certain realm.

It was long after democratic political government came into being that we deveolped modern industry. At the outset, agriculture was the basis of life—that and home hand-craft. Today the basis of life is agriculture and organized machine industry, and of the two, it is organized industry and the commerce that has grown around it that shapes our institutions and gives character to our lives. It is that which governs our way of living.

Industry is a world unto itself. It is really a thing apart. It needs its own laws, its own regulations, its own guarantees of rights. Observe that many rights guaranteed to individuals by political government have been practically abrogated by modern industry. This is because industry has put whole groups in places where there used to be only individuals.

American industry has grown like a weed. It has wrought miracles—one miracle after another. It has done magnificent things. It leads the world and we are proud of it—all of us.

But there have been abuses, too. There are abuses. And there will be abuses. Monarchs have grown up in industry—men who rule whole principalities and kingdoms. **We have learned political democracy, but we haven't learned much about industrial democracy.**

The people, feeling abuses, chafing under them, have turned to government for rectification. They saw no other effective channel. Government, responding to the election returns, has put on brakes. It has put obstacles in the way. It has set up boards, commissions, tribunals. And mostly it has fumbled, because political government loses its competency when it wanders from its own realm and attempts to operate in a foreign field.

Democratic political government is a monument to the imagination, the determination, the idealism of mankind. But bricks are not made in the White House. Steel rails are neither fabricated nor laid in the Senate Chamber. Coal is not mined in the House. The Attorney General is a lawyer, and neither a master nor a journeyman builder.

Government Now a Busy-Body

WE WILL go down the line to perpetuate free, democratic government; and one of the best ways of perpetuating it is to prevent it from dashing itself in seas which it is not built to sail.

Today we find our government butting into business in more directions than could be enumerated in these few pages. I'm on a great many mailing lists. Each day the Federal Trade Commission sends me complaints and orders affecting business practices. Black must stop this; Jones must stop that; Brown must stop something else. Now, as Herbert Hoover sees it, and as a great many others see it, Black and Jones and Brown ought to have worked out, with all of their fellows in the industrial and business world, a way of regulating those things themselves. They can erect a machine that will know more about what is right and what is wrong than the government

can ever do. Industry knows itself. Business knows itself.

There is the Interstate Commerce Commission, issuing orders regularly to the transportation industry. There are the courts, handing down decisions in industrial cases. There is the Federal Power Commission. There is the Kansas Court of Industrial Relations. There are many more. They are all butting into business and industry, doing good sometimes, obstructing a great many times. As things are we couldn't get along without many of them. But **unless industry organizes to get along without government restraint and regulation we shall have these multiplied a hundred-fold and more.** It isn't so much what we have that need concern us as it is the trend of things. If we follow the trend we shall land up in a jumbled heap of paternalistic, repressive, coercive, back-breaking, heart-breaking machinery. The trend leads toward an industrial goosestep as sure as fish begets fish.

The prime function of industry and commerce is to make things and to get them to the ultimate consumer. The ultimate consumer is not that weazened, helpless, dejected looking rat of a chap with a crooked market basket on his arm that you see in the cartoons. That helpless individual may typify the possible future product of a few generations of state socialism, but he is not the ultimate consumer of today, because **the ultimate consumer of today is a scrapping sort of a customer who is the product of past generations of self-reliant individualists, standing pretty much on his own feet.** Let us not allow him to lose the use of those feet!

The prime function of industry is to do things. The prime function of government is to guarantee rights—to see that there is an equal chance, to see that Pete doesn't exercise his own rights to such an extent that he robs Bill of his.

But consider this: When government butts into business it is to inflict upon business—or industry—a series of police regulations. The function of the policeman is to prevent riots, to keep people from jamming up the sidewalk, to stop burglaries or arrest the burglars, to catch runaway horses and runaway children—to stop something. That's what the police are for—to stop something. That's how government butts into industry. It butts in to stop something, not to build or create something. It calls the cops.

Let us not say that industry as it is doesn't need the cops. But let us go further and discover that industry needs something more intelligent and constructive than a police force. The function of industry is to do things, to create things, to keep things moving forward.

Industry brings all sorts of men and women together in a great effort to pour out upon mankind a flow of commodities which sustain life and make it good. It uses the services of men skilled in the use of tools, men who understand the innermost secrets of marvelous machines, men who are skilled in the manifold lines of engineering, men who know traffic, men who are managers and executives, men who know finance and banking, men who are learned in the sciences, men who give their lives to research.

Industry Knows Its Problems

TAKEN together, these men know every detail and ramification of industry. Within the minds of all this multitude resides the knowledge of how to meet and solve all of the problems of industry. If they don't know, then nobody knows.

But knowledge, to get anywhere, must have the machinery through which to function. And it is the organization of this knowledge for the purposes of industrial self-control that must free industry from the dead hand of tradition and from the uncertain, fumbling hand of political domination. That is what will keep the cops away.

Everything considered, industry, business and commerce work along pretty well. You can get what you want when you want it. Even if you would, you don't have to walk a mile for a hat, nor for a loaf of bread or a ton of coal. Humankind never lived so well, nor so easily, as today in America. Put a pin in that. But give the bureaucrats a chance, and then surely will Fido hear "His Master's voice" telling him he'll get what he wants when the bureau gets ready.

Industry today is working passionately for better results in production. Meanwhile it has to keep an eye open for the cops. This is because industry, organized—or half organized—as it is, more or less naturally does things that convince the people the cops are necessary.

Political government wouldn't work unless there was organization for that purpose. The Colonies couldn't get themselves welded into a nation until they pooled their strength, agreed upon terms of affiliation, and set up machinery. Finally, the government of the United States stood forth, typifying an agreement that decisions should be accepted by all as final.

Industry today has many organizations. There are organizations of every sort—of executives, engineers, employers, workers, bankers, trades, wholesalers, retailers. Already these organizations are making rules, or laws. They are correcting abuses. They are smoothing the road. They are building up codes of ethics and codes of practice. These laws and codes work, too, because they were built out of experience. They are enforced, also, because the enforcement machinery lies within the field of action. Everyone in the field is bound to enforce these laws and codes because everyone in the field is hit by transgression.

It is important to note, too, that these laws and codes are not brought into being and given force until every group affected is sure in advance that its rights are protected as much as the rights of every other group. That we need to have in mind for the future. It need not be expected that any group will consent to machinery which does not promise justice in every direction.

But what is it, then, that we may look forward to? Mr. Hoover said:

"I believe that through these (organized) forces we are slowly moving toward some sort of industrial democracy. We are upon its threshold, if these agencies can be directed solely to constructive performance in the public interest. With these agencies used as the machinery for the cultivation and spread of high standards and the elimination of abuses, I am convinced that we shall have entered the great era of self-governing industry and business which has been a dream to many thinkers."

The road to that goal must lie through more perfect organization; and then through federation of organizations, with definite, specified functions brought into being and agreed upon. We have the right to expect that the time will come when industry will rest upon a basis as a stable as government, when it will function as continuously, when its decisions will be made in a manner as orderly, and when its rules and regulations will be as much a matter of common consent and common acceptance.

The American Federation of Labor, in its annual convention in Portland, last October, must have had about the same vision in mind as that set forth by Mr. Hoover. The labor convention adopted a declaration entitled, "Industry's Manifest Duty." In this declaration we read:

"Through the muddling conflict of groups which still find it impossible to come together in co-operation we must look to a future that must have its foundation upon co-operation and collaboration. It was pointed out that "The threat of state invasion is real." The reason: **It is a combination of industry's own neglect and of government's effort to function where industry for the moment fails or seems to fail that gives us a growing number of boards, commissions and tribunals fail that gives us a growing number to add their weight to the burden of industry. Industry, organized as we urge it must be organized, will begin in truth an era of service, rational natural development and productivity unmatched by past achievement or fancy."**

It was held that the true role of industrial groups is to come together in agreement, not to clash and oppose weight against weight. This is worthy of the reading:

"The true role of industrial groups ... is to come together, to legislate in

(Continued on page 28)

Some Indian Memories

By Victor Kutchin

THERE is a sapient platitude to the effect that the best way to learn to do a thing is to do it. Now, if by any chance this contains a truth, the best way to learn about Indians is personally, face to face, as I did at the age of seven. Away back in 1858 my father moved into a log cabin on a small farm near "Dart's Ford", close to the outlet of Green Lake, now Green Lake County, Wisconsin.

My first acquaintance with Mr. Lo,—plus his village on the march—was startling and awesome in the extreme, as I had not so much as heard of his existence, being city born. Good running and fast climbing alone prevented from meeting his fantastic cavalcade face to face on a narrow trail in a practically trackless forest. In spite of the loud thumping of my heart, the big tree in which I had taken refuge was the best ever from which to take notes for The Wisconsin Magazine. Some Indian dogs found me and announced my presence in the tree, but in such a half hearted manner that I was clearly thought to be too small game to be worth shooting, or even investigating which made my father's farm, from that time on, an asylum for stray mongrel dogs of all kinds and conditions.

This was the order of march, and I see it all as distinctly this minute as in the old days. The braves came first, unincumbered with any impedimenta, quite carefree, as though taking a constitutional stroll after breakfast, mostly armed wth bows and arrows, though some had guns. The paint on their faces closely imitated the gaudy colors of the blankets that they wore draped over the left shoulder, as only an Indian could do it, leaving the right arm free. A few warbonnets among them made of brilliantly dyed feathers suggested to my excited fancy the close relation of the wearer to some fantastic kind of bird that I had never seen.

Closely following came the pack train, squaws and ponies, "Dumb driven cattle," each carrying its limit of the belongings of the village. Next came fat, lazy, old ponies with long poles lashed to their sides, ends a dozen feet away dragging on the ground, with blankets swung between like hammocks, in which rode the old and sick, papooses and the general belongings and utility articles of the camp. I must not leave out the swarming children and dogs in every direction. My location in the tree was not without its advantages for I was thus early getting a birds-eye view of the rightful owners of this Continent, dispossessed of their heritage by their Christian conquerors. Cuddled up close to my father's knee on a low stool that night my bed-time story was the pitiful story of the Indian as he knew it at that remote time. The band of Indians that I had come so near to meeting face to face on the trail went into camp out at what we called the "inlet," at the foot of Green Lake, and my real acquaintance with them began, which, however, only included those who came to our house as my mother would never let me go to their camp alone.

Dr. Victor Kutchin, of Green Lake, Wisconsin, a lover of birds and an authority on that subject, author of "What Birds Have Done With Me" and other books and articles on bird lore, Winnebago "Medicine Man", one of Wisconsin's "Grand Old Men", though one would hardly call a man old whose interest in life is so vigorous and young.

The first Indian that I ever saw at close range was "Old Soldier" and he was the very oldest "image of God" I have ever met. He could talk English in a way, and claimed to be over a hundred years of age, but if a face "wrinkled and brown as a bag of leather" is any indication of extreme age, he would have passed for two hundred.

Quite independent of the matter of age, he was as straight as an Indian and looked the soldier through and through. Only a savage to be sure, but with a native grace and courtliness of bearing that I have seldom seen equaled and never surpassed. As I shrinkingly glanced at him for the first time I well remembered that my attention was almost immediately centered upon a big medal that he wore upon his breast. presented to him by General Scott, my father said, "For distinguished services to the whites" according to its inscription. "A blanket Indian" but a sure enough hero and the object of my first hero-worship, and in a way I am still looking at every Indian over the shoulder of "Old-Soldier."

Back at this early day I still remember distinctly the other Indians who came to our cabin, following closely on the visit of "Old Soldier." They never came together and there may have been no ground for the belief held by my family that the brave who came first had two wives who came later as our most per-

sistent Indian beggars. I immediately made friends with the brave and, as I could not pronounce his Indian name, I re-christened him "Hank," and "Hank" he remained to the end of the chapter. And I fancy that other members of my family took like liberties with real names of the squaws, for the very thin one was called "Wenuga" and the very fat one "Wehunka." They were a strange pair, but I do not remember ever to have seen one without the other. Perhaps it was the attraction of opposites. "Wenuga" was a born pessimist and never by any chance cracked a smile, but on the other hand "Wehunka" was an optimist and with no known cause a giggle would start at her mocassined feet, convulse her fat sides, and threaten to shut off her breathing. Like all Indians they would eat anything and everything given them; piling breakfast upon breakfast as they went from house to house, until noon, and then dinner upon dinner until sundown. They would come into our kitchen and sit by the fire, both in summer and winter, for an hour at a time without a word being said, though it was generally believed that they could talk if they wanted to. If their silence is characteristic it may account for the number of "squaw-men." My mother would go about her work, paying small attention to her callers, leaving them in possession of the kitchen, confident that they would not touch any thing or steal anything, though starving.

Now I want to say what to many will be an astonishing thing and I am considering myself sworn when I make the statement: Indians are the most honest race of people on the face of the earth; and after a more or less close association with them for a long life, I never personally knew an Indian to steal, lie, or cheat. I presume through life I have been what the knowing ones call "dead easy" in the matter of small loans and I am frank to admit that I will always have quite a little money coming to me from men, and women too, of my own race, but after being the Indians' banker for sixty years, loaning a few dollars here and there, without security of any kind, on the face of it a ruinous thing to do, I am willing to swear that no Indian ever failed to repay his loan.

"Hank" was the first Indian who ever came and asked for work and we put him directly into the harvest field and in two days he was a first class worker, holding his own with any "pale face" with whom he worked. Here is remembered honesty that smelled to heaven. Coming cross-lots to work one morning "Hank" discovered one of our sheep in a fence corner dead—and it had outlived its usefulness after its death to anyone but an Indian. However, they liked their meat a little "high" and he asked if he might take it out to camp for food, which he did, bringing back the pelt that myself and brother had to burn in the edge of the evening after "Hank" went home.

Long years afterward, having grown to manhood and married, and holding a position in the State Prison at Waupun that paid me sixty-six dollars and sixty-six cents one month and sixty-six dollars and sixty-seven the next month, who should show up for a little loan but "Hank" the friend of my boyhood. He was wretchedly clothed and had ridden a dismal, half-starved little pony from Wittenburg, but they had successfully battled their way through the slush and drifts of a late March and he was not backward in admitting the object of his visit. He must have $15.00 to get his traps out of pawn for the spring trapping: I was the only person in the world who would loan him money. Fortunately for him he "touched me" soon after pay day and I sent him away the next morning with the money in his pocket and my second best coat as protection from the elements. I fancy that my wife might not have been greatly interested in "Indian Affairs" for she never failed to mention the "second best coat" to those of my family who derided me for handing over nearly a fourth of my monthly stipend to a drunken Indian.

"Hank" had not been quite clear as to when he could repay the debt, but thought shortly after "cranberry picking time" and the arrangement was that he was to leave the amount with my mother who still lived at Green Lake nearly twenty-five miles to the north of Waupun and that much nearer Wittenburg. "Cranberry picking time" came and passed and the crop was marketed but no "Hank" showed his face in or about Green Lake and nobody knew whether he was alive or dead, but still my faith in his honesty never failed. I was confident that if alive he would sooner or later repay his debt. As a matter of fact beyond my faith in an individual was a bedrock of trust in Indian character, which I had always found to possess an unalterable determination to do to others what they did to you and "Let the punishment fit the crime."

The next year after "Cranberry Picking Time" "Hank," very drunk, appeared at my mother's home and left $15.00 for "Big Chief."

Poor fellow, I never saw him after his visit to me at Waupun, for early in life "firewater" put him to sleep on a railroad track somewhere north of Stevens Point and a freight engine shunted him right into "The Happy Hunting Ground" while full of sleep and dreams—I trust happy dreams.

CANDIDATE DAWES IS COMPOSER DAWES, TOO

By EDWARD MOORE.

WHOEVER it was who first announced that he had less concern with making his country's laws than with writing his country's songs had probably not tried both. Few people have, but there are exceptions. Once in a great while you will find a person who, like Brig. Gen. Charles G. Dawes, is both a candidate for a high national office and the composer of a best seller.

It may be that in certain political circles the belief obtains that Gen. Dawes' entry into the field of the composer was a tactical error; that his "Melody" should be wrapped up in the winter garment of repentance and flung into a destroying and purifying fire; that Presidents and Vice Presidents will command more of the confidence of these United States if they do not know much about music but know what they like. Such is the not altogether explicable attitude of certain of the tribe. It is doubtful, however, whether Gen. Dawes will share the belief, for he has not only liked music well but as many a time and oft extended a helping hand to musicians who needed it.

At any rate, the piece to which he gave the unfurbelowed title of "Melody" came out in 1912, and in the twelve years since then it has appeared on about as many different programs as any brief work that you may care to mention. One hears of it in England, France, and Sweden, as well as the United States; one can find it set for violin and piano, its most popular form, especially since Fritz Kreisler used to put it on his recital programs, but also for piano solo, for cello and piano, for organ, for small orchestra, and for large orchestra. These settings woud be enough to indicate that there has been a public demand for it, but the end is not yet.

Possibly by the time these words are published, certainly not so long thereafter, it is going to be a song. A poem has been written to fit the tune, and this seventh version will be given to the public. So here is a piece which only by the most violent maltreatment could be jazzed into a popular dance, and is popular anyway.

Undoubtedly events of the past few years have assisted in making it popular, but they have not been the sole cause. It was well liked before Gen. Dawes had a war record or was a candidate for office, and this, if it indicates anything, indicates that it has stood on its own merits. — **Chicago Tribune.**

The Newspaper and the Community

By A. M. Brayton

Every business is to some degree affected by public interests. Probably no other private business is affected by so many public interests as is newspaper publication. The public interests to which the newspaper is related are so many and so important, that the public is inclined to feel that newspaper making is not a private business at all, a fact which sometimes results in injustice to publishers. However, to think first of the newspaper as a public agency, rather than a private business, is not putting the cart before the horse, for the right of the publisher to engage in the private business of making and selling a newspaper is conditioned upon the public service which his newspaper renders.

Discussion of the proper relationship between the newspaper and the public must start with an understanding of what the newspaper business is. It is the business of selling its readers current information. Upon the fidelity with which the newspaper furnishes current information to the public, must rest the value of all of its public functions.

A clothing store is affected by public interests. By reason of his business the proprietor becomes active in the Chamber of Commerce, and generally in civic and social organizations affecting the community. But if he sells shoddy clothing for wool, his consequent reputation renders him worthless as an agency of public service. Neither can the newspaper sell shoddy news for wool, and remain a healthful influence in the commonwealth.

Interprelater and Opinion.

In its relationship with the newspaper the public should draw a clear distinction between the news and the editorial. The editor is obligated to give readers accurate information concerning everything of public interest. If, in the news columns, an effort is made to explain the facts, a clear distinction should be made between interpretation and opinion. If the facts are in dispute, and it is necessary to rely upon representations, they should be drawn from both sides of the dispute. In a word, the news columns lay the ascertainable information before the header in a manner to permit the reader to draw his own conclusions.

The Editorial.

In the editorial, however, the editor has the same right as the reader to draw conclusions. He is subject to the same influence of environment and interest affecting his point of view as is the reader, and while usually possessed of broader information than is the average reader, nevertheless he shares the readers' proneness to error. However, to the extent to which he sets himself up as a leader of public thought there rests upon him a greater responsibility for painstaking study, and for the elimination of his own natural biases.

This role of leadership can not be escaped by the newspaper. The paper having performed its function of selling reliable information in its news columns, it is incumbent upon the editor to draw upon the best sources of enlightened experience, to chart as he sees it the course of public endeavor along ways of prudence and civic and sociel integrity, always in the direction that leads to a better state of society. It is a large responsibility, and the editor is seldom adequate and never infallible. The best that can be expected is that he will express the idealism of his time, and by well considered council will stimulate high standards of public procedure and private conduct.

Two kinds of Editors.

There is the inaccessible editor, whose self-reliance prompts him to seclude himself from public contacts and to set himself up as an oracle. Usually, he defends this position upon the ground that he is rendering himself immune to selfish influences which might be brought to bear upon him. Probably his seclusion is temperamental more often than merely prudent. Possessed of a judicial temperament, he should not fear the reasoning of his fellow citizens. I like better the open-door policy for the editorial sanctum. One who is strong enough to be entrusted with the editorial policy of a newspaper need not shrink from advice or attempted influence. There is a public wisdom that the editor needs. It is the wisdom of the schools, of the churches, of the business field, of the professions, of the farm, of the courts, of the civic and social organization workers. It is, perhaps as much as anything else, the wisdom of the streets. The council which it brings through the editor's open door may not always be sound, but some of it will be sound and important. And the editor who listens to it, no matter what its source, will be learning the psychology of his public and preparing himself to approach his readers with sympathy, with understanding and tact, and therefore with effect.

The Spokesman of the Community.

Many newspapers restrict the use of space required for the publicity of social, civic and humane movements. They class this as "propaganda," and insist that it is advertising and should be paid for. It is not a public spirited policy. The newspaper is the spokesman of its community. Essentially it is a public utility. It lives on what the public will pay it in money and in moral support, and in the long run the public will pay it approximately only what it owes. When it is commonly heard in the community that "it is a good newspaper, but its social and civic policy is bad," the ground is fertile for new competition. The wise publisher faces the fact that his public's indebtedness to him depends upon the public service which his newspaper renders, as well as upon the news which it provides, and prudence joins public spirit in urging upon him a liberal policy of encouragement for all who labor for the common good. Indeed, the newspaper can build no stronger fortification for its own well-being, than that public confidence and esteem acquired by lending its space and its editorial voice freely to every impulse which tends to make life happier and nobler. The publisher who is is content to give less than this for what he receives, is recreant to the trust which society reposes in all, upon whom custom has bestowed the privilege and the opportunity of leadership.

A PLEA FOR TEACHERS

"Without vision the people perish." Without education there can be little vision. Of education it may be said that "It is twice blest; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes." It will be greatly worth the effort if we can impress this thought upon the young manhood of the Nation and redirect their interest and patriotic zeal to the idea of making a proper contribution to educational work. It is regrettable that so few young men and women, equipped for such service, are nowadays disposed to give their time and talents to teaching. Education needs their young eagerness, zeal, and enthusiasm.

There is no school of discipline more effective than that in which the teacher goes to school. We could do no greater service than by convincing those young men and women who have enjoyed educational opportunities that they owe a reasonable share of their time and energies to teaching.

The strength and security of the Nation will always rest in the intelligent body of its people. Our education should implant conceptions of public duty and private obligations broad enough to envisage the problems of a greatly distraught world. More than anything else, men and women need the capacity to see with clear eye and to contemplate with open, unprejudiced mind the issues of these times. Only through a properly motivated and generously inspired process of education can this be accomplished.

—Warren G. Harding.

Beloit's Interesting Community Club

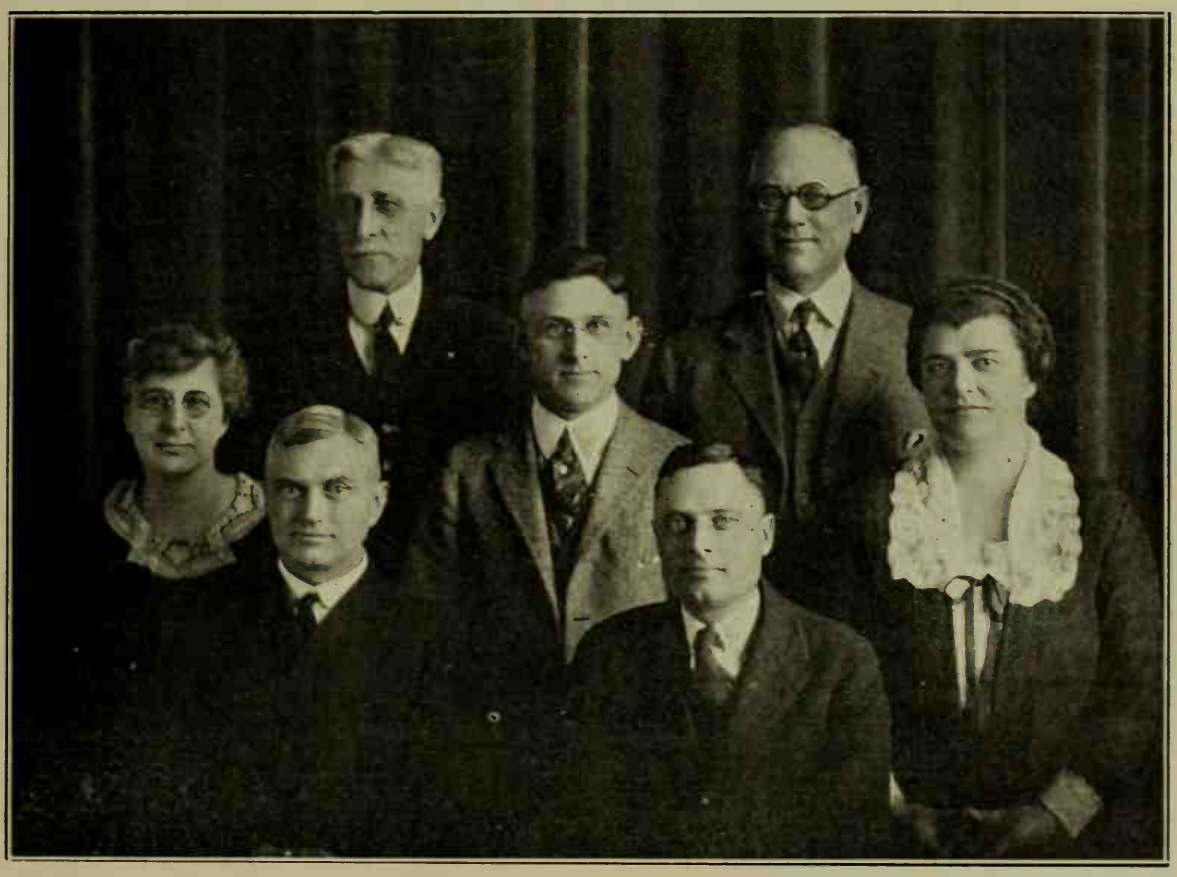
By May L. Bauchle

"THE Last Man Club," that most unique and original club in the country, has its antithesis in the Six O'clock Club of Beloit.

The first mentioned Club, formed in Colorado with a goodly membership a few years ago, has been depleted by death until the tragic end foreseen in the beginning awaits the "Last Man." The Wisconsin Club, formed twenty-two years ago with no elaborate plans for the future, no by-laws and no elected officers has not only perpetuated itself but has grown from a mere handful to one hundred and fifty members, the number to which the present membership is limited. Others wishing to join must await a vacancy and then be invited by a member before they can participate in the pleasures of the Club.

About the only place in the city which could accommodate an indefinite number of men on short notice was the Goodwin Hotel. This is the same hostelry which, under the name of Bushnell House, entertained Abraham Lincoln and other men of early day who have since become famous. William H. Grinnell, who was present at that initial dinner, is still a member of the club.

"We had good times in those early days," said Mr. Grinnell recently in recalling those first meetings. "We discussed the possibility of doing away with wooden sidewalks, the need for parks and school playgrounds and the probable future of street paving. A "Sane Fourth" took up all one evening, I remember, and the "Dredging of Rock River," another. Some of these things time has accomplished—some,



THE GOVERNING COMMITTEE OF THE SIX O'CLOCK CLUB FOR 1923-24.
From left to right, top row — Rev. C. F. Spray; C. F. Knidschi; Center row — Mrs W. F. Bauchle, Prof. W. E. Alderman, Miss Ella Lemmerchirt, Lower row — John C. Nelson, Lyle K. Munn, Treasurer.

When a quiet little doctor called a few friends together for a confidential chat over the best way to help their home town become a city, he was just twenty years ahead of the times. That night, the birth of the Six O'clock Club was attended by a physician, an attorney, a plow-maker, and a druggist. As they arose to go to their homes, the physician, Dr. Ernest C. Helm, said: "This has been too good to keep to ourselves. Why not invite others?" The suggestion met with approval and a future date was agreed upon, each man promising to bring a friend and thus add to the numbers. Before the meeting day came around someone suggested "Eats." The only way to arrange for that upon short notice was to have a "Dutch" treat. This part of the arrangements was left to Dr. Helm and for nearly twenty years he was the guiding spirit of the club, giving untiringly and unstintingly of his time and strength to the organization he loved best, next to his home and his church.

not," he added regretfully. "The long table was set in one corner of the Dining Room and hardly a night but visitors at the hotel joined us. Some of them I remember well, the stories they told, and the news they brought from the outside world. No ladies sat at the tables in those days and oft-times a cloud of smoke encircled the little company."

As members came directly from their various occupations the club meetings were never a dress affair. Even in after years when the last meeting of the season became a Ladies' Night, dress suits were taboo. So it is today.

No thought of a permanent organization came at that time. Friends invited friends, payment was made in advance, the close of each meeting saw some one selected or volunteered to secure a speaker and plan for the dinner for the next meeting. What more could they want? That was twenty-two years ago, and today the same club meets and is governed in practically the same way. Each person renews

his or her membership by the payment of the dues. The full amount is paid at the beginning of each season and not only includes the dinner and the lecture following, but leaves a margin for programs and announcement of meetings.

The principles of the club are engrossed upon the printed program each year. They were never voted upon, but like Topsy "just growed"

1. No Constitution.
2. No Formality.
3. No Dress Suits.
4. Eat, drink and be sociable.
5. Speak frankly your views, — be considerate.
6. Respect the opinion of others—be courteous.
7. No criticism of any speech or remarks— outside.
8. Cultivate the Beloit spirit.

William H. Grinnell, the only charter member of the club who is still a member.

It goes without saying that lacking a president, a constitution and a by-laws there must be some uniting factor. There is, and that factor is a Governing Committee. The really unique feature of the Six 0'clock Club is this Governing Committee. It is an endless chain affair. Consisting of seven members, one acts as Chairman, one as Secretary and one as Treasurer. These officers are chosen by the members of the Committee well in advance of the date set for the opening Club meeting. These meetings are held on the second Wednesday of each month during the winter. The place, which is now usually a church dining room as the ladies of various organizations serve the dinner, is announced through the press and by card to individual members. Guest tickets may be secured of the Secretary two days before the meeting. Some years these are limited to out of town visitors.

At the close of the season the Governing Committee meets, chooses one member from its number to act as -hold over member, who thus becomes Chairman for the next year. The other members choose their successors from the general membership. Very informal, you say. Yes! and very democratic and very successful!

The first year or two the leader introduced a subject and everybody offered his opinion in true Round Table style. After the local topics had become exhausted, the leaders turned to the College for assistance. A series of talks by the various professors on scientific matters followed. After that, the University of Wisconsin was called upon to help and the programs showed a decidedly literary tendency. After a while the membership was opened to women and at once they began to appear on the program. For a number of years the subjects brought before the club have been of national and international importance. Speakers from afar have given their choicest to make these dinner lectures a success. Travelers from South America. Italy, Greece and Africa have brought their rich experiences to the Club as have scientists and sociologists, newspaper men, priests, and judges. Francis E. McGovern while Governor of the state spoke on "The High Cost of Living", this too, before the war when people knew nothing at all about the High Cost of Living. Miss Harriett Vittum of Northwestern University Settlement told the club of her investigations at Ellis Island and in Poland, Father Philip Gordon presented his Wisconsin Indian Problem, and Miss Zona Gale read tales of her beloved Friendship Village. An aviator, with a working model of his plane made air travel a thing to be desired. A representative of the New York World exposed the inside workings of the news gathering profession. A teacher fresh from the Turkish upheaval brought the latest tidings, and a city planner led his hearers through a City Beautiful. These and many more broadened the views of busy people altogether too prone to follow their own narrow path.

Dr. Ernest C. Helm, who founded the "Six O'Clock Club" and was its moving spirit for twenty years.

Thus gathering regularly about a semi-festive board, the doctor, lawyer, merchant, the professor, the butcher, and the baker have been brought into closer fellowship. The result is a civic and community spirit that has transformed Beloit from a country town to a pulsing throbbing city. No town, however big, can hope to be more than a town without the co-operation of its trades, its business, and its professional men.

Many men's luncheon clubs are being formed today, but it means much to the Gateway City that the Six O'clock Club has had twenty-two eventful years in its midst, and it speaks well for the spirit of the city that the Club has grown and prospered with no more organization than a Governing Committee.

GEORGE WASHINGTON ADMONISHES.

Be courteous to all, but intimate with few; and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence. True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation. Let your heart feel for the affections and distresses of every one, and let your hand give in proportion to your purse; remembering always the estimation of the widow's mite, that it is not every one that asketh that deserveth charity; all, however, are worthy of the inquiry, or the deserving may suffer.

Do not conceive that fine clothes make fine men, any more than fine feathers make fine birds. A plain, genteel dress is more admired, obtains more credit, than lace and embroidery, in the eyes of the judicious and sensible.—**George Washington in a letter to his nephew, Bushrod Washington, 1773.**

AN UPRIGHT COUNTENANCE

God gave man an upright countenance to survey the heavens and to look upward to the stars.—**Ovid.**

So long as we love, we serve. So long as we are loved by others I would almost say we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.—**Robert Louis Stevenson.**

Adventures of Granny Frog and Daddy Toad--

By Alice Lutes.

AUGUST, everywhere. You could tell that by the way Lady Goldenrod was donning her yellow dress and the Cricket Family were practicing their Autumn concerts. In fact, it was the month that made every living thing hunt cool, shady places in which to rest.

Granny Frog and Daddy Toad had found just the loveliest place imaginable but they weren't resting. Instead, they were hopping about in great excitement.

"What in the world could it be?" said Daddy Toad looking at Granny Toad with popping eyes.

"Yes, what do you suppose it is?" echoed Granny Frog, creeping nearer to Daddy Toad.

"I saw it move!" cried Baby Turtle, drawing her tiny head back in her shell as far as she could. "I do believe it is a snake.!"

"Law sakes, I hope not!" said Granny in scared tones.

If you had seen the queer something moving along under the small bushes growing on the edge of the lake, you would surely have thought, like Baby Turtle, that it was a snake. But it wasn't, because on the other end of it was a body which had four legs and a head. Yes sir.

"Oh, lawksy day!" screamed Granny Frog, as the snaky object moved rapidly toward her, then stopped suddenly when the end which had the head on it heard the scream given by Granny.

Perhaps none of my little readers have ever heard a frog scream, and frogs aren't supposed to scream, either. But Granny Frog just had to this time. You see, she was old and nervous and easily frightened, so we will have to excuse her.

And the queerest thing happened just the moment she screamed:

The strange object, whatever it was, plunged head downward into the lake, kersplash! Yes, sir, it did. Can any of you children guess what it was? No? Well, then, I may as well tell you.

It was only Cousin Muskrat who had crept out of his hole in the edge of the lake bank and was hidden under the tiny bushes—all but his long, round tail, and this was what Granny Frog and Daddy Toad had thought was a snake.

"What on earth could it be!" cried Granny, peering through her green glasses at the place where Cousin Muskrat had gone down into the water.

"Haw, haw, haw! You folks who live so near the lake ought to know what muskrat is," croaked a coarse voice right over their heads.

"Muskrat! Goodness me, I thought I smelled an unpleasant odor!" said Granny Frog, making a wry face and pressing her little, green handkerchief to her little green nose. "But who are you, up in the tree?"

"I am Mr. Crow!" cawed the raspy voice proudly.

"Crow! Crow! Land sakes alive, do let us hear you do it," said Granny, peering up at him curiously.

"Do what?" asked Mr. Crow, impatiently.

"Why, crow, of course. Let's hear you crow," said Daddy Toad, hopping up beside Granny.

"Aw! Aw! Aw!" cried Mr. Crow, flying away in disgust. "You two don't seem to know very much."

"Oh, look here, boys! See what a whopper I have caught!" suddenly cried a boy's voice, and poor, old Granny Frog felt herself rudely grabbed up by her hind legs and dangled in the air until she was dizzy.

At this, Daddy Toad crept under a clump of goldenrod that was just budding and sobbed bitterly. For now he was alone in the world. His children had all gone to homes of their own, and Mother Toad had left home one day and never came back. Perhaps some cruel boy had caught her just as this one had taken his only remaining friend. So, could you blame him for sobbing, even though toads are not supposed to sob? He knew, too, what awful things were apt to be done to Granny Frog. Perhaps they would fasten her on a sharp hook and use her for fish bait. Oh dear!

"Aw! that one is too big for bait. Throw it away," said another boy's voice.

And to Granny's great joy she soon found herself once again sitting beside Daddy Toad, who ceased to weep, now that she was safe, and smiled broadly instead.

"We will leave this dangerous place at once," said he, hopping toward the road which ran beside the lake. "We will go up to that farm house younder and live in the garden. There is a nice pond just this side of the garden for you to swim in. I know you can't live where there is no water."

So away they went, hippety hop, to their new home.

And what do you think they found!

The very first thing Daddy Toad saw when he entered the garden, was his own dear Mother Toad snoring away under a big cabbage leaf with two big tears dried on her cheeks.

Perhaps she had been crying for him. Anyhow, you may be sure there was great rejoicing now that the Frog family was reunited.

Madeline And The Past

By Helen Patten

IT was sunset. With a chug, chug of the engine our boat left the picturesque little town of Bayfield, in northern Wisconsin. Built on a hillside its streets run down to meet the old waters of Lake Superior, and that day were shadowed by a blue-gray haze, while the western sky was piled with deep purple clouds edged with gold. A strong north wind had tossed the waters of the Bay into white-capped billows and sea-gulls swooped and circled in the blue above.

Ahead lay the fair setting of a dream, the lovely Apostle Islands. When Jonathan Carver first named them there were only twelve, now there are twenty-one, each with its logging camps, clusters of small fishing shacks and light-house stations. Only the whistle of the great ore liners steaming back and forth to ports in the distance and fishing boats collecting the "catch," and the songs of the many birds as they wing their way through the trees, break the silence of the long days of glorious sunshine and balsam laden air. A few campers appear each summer on some of the islands, "to get away from things," to fish, swim and canoe, and listen to the waves as they lap the shore.

A never-to-be-forgotten trip is one taken with the fishing boat from Bayfield to collect the "catch" of big, red lake trout and white fish. Three days a week the boat makes what they call the "Outer Trip" and the other days the "Inner trip," going in and out among the islands, runing in to some of the stations, at others anchoring outside while fishermen bring out the "catch".

"Fair Madeline" as the Indians called it, is the largest of the islands. It is one of the loveliest spots on the Great Lakes, with its high redsandstone cliffs and funny caves, its forests of pine and birch and its shores fringed with long stretches of sandy beach. It was named for the daughter of the famous Indian Chief "White Crane," who married Jean Cadott of Sault Ste. Marie, a fur-trader on the island, in 1792. He placed her in a convent in Montreal to be educated, where she became a Roman Catholic convert and received the name of Madeline. On her return the island was named for her.

In all the whole Northwest, that land of legend and song, there is no ground more closely woven with Indian life and the coming of the white man to Wisconsin's shores, than the mainland around Chequamegon Bay and Madeline Island. Madeline, first called "St. Michel" by the Indians, is beautiful enough in her present natural conditions to make one content, but enchantment lies in her past, pictures painted in vivid colors never to be forgotten.

With the years Madeline has changed hands frequently. The government of the Indians, of France and England with their hosts of followers and rigid discipline of a military post, followed by the United States, succeeded each other at the old Indian village of LaPointe.

The Indians first settled on the island in 1490 and there they lived and ruled and yearly battled with their enemies the Sioux on the mainland. Later came a quarter of a century when the island was deserted by the Indians, because of frantic ideas of the "medicine men" that evil spirits dwelt there. The date when the Chippewas returned is uncertain, but the fact is recorded that they did do so, to kindle their Council Fires anew on the island and to keep them burning until the White Man put them out. The old Catholic cemetery near the southern shore testifies to that fact, and is the last resting place of the Indians of Madeline.

Red Sandstone Cliff and Old Man's Cave.

Some of the graves are marked with plain white slabs for noted men of the French occupation, while others are surrounded with dilapitated wooden fences and a cross, or covered by little wooden huts called "dog houses," bearing the names of many chiefs, who reigned on the island, and their braves. It was an Indian custom to place food, protected from the rays of the sun, on the top of the graves for three days after the burial. The Spirit of the food was to sustain the spirit of the departed in its three day preparation for the "happy hunting ground." A white slab marks the grave of "Buffalo," the last of the great Chippewa chiefs, who reigned on Madeline.

In 1835 Father Barago erected the first chapel of logs, (165 years after Father Marquette had closed his Mission in the mainland to the south) which he enlarged in 1841, and which stood until a few years ago, when it was destroyed by fire, together with a famous painting called the "Descent from the Cross," which tradition holds was given the chapel by Marquette. But here tradition falls short of the truth, for in 1840 when Father Barago visited Rome to raise funds to enlarge his chapel, the picture was presented to him by the Pope. Father Marquette had no connection with it.

Overlooking the Bay and the mainland stands Old Treaty Hall, built in 1836, a long, low wooden building with a small prison built of boulders on one side. Here the Indians came once a year in war paint and feathers to collect their dollar allowance from the Government. Here in 1842 the great chiefs of the Chippewas ceded all their lands in Minnesota and Wisconsin to the United States.

Far over to the right on the bluff is the Old Mission, which of late years has been remodeled into a summer resort, and numerous cottages. The lower floor of the mission remains the same as in the days of 1832, when it was built. Nearby, a little higher up, is their first church, built in 1837, its clap-boards gray with age, yet the old bell still rings out a call to service during the summer months.

The first trading post was established in 1692, due to the island's fine harbour and protected position. Later Madeline became the Headquarters of the Fur Trading business of the entire Northwest with a population of some three thousand persons. Those were the days of adventure, when the wilderness said "no" and the French said "yes," when a string of beads or a bag of skins was worth a man's life. Days of crafty fur-traders and boot-leggers. The government of New France built a fort on the island in 1692, which has long since passed away, altho the old stockade remained for many years a memorial to primeval days.

In 1812 the Hudson Bay and Northwest Companies were forced to close their offices on the island and return to Canada, because of the law passed by Congress forbidding all but American citizens to trade with the Indians within the United States. Then came John Jacob Astor, as manager of the American Fur Trading Company, to

make untold wealth in his dealings with the Indians. A little white-washed cottage, remodeled from his original trading post, still stands near the shore.

Where LaPointe was one the Capital of the Indians and the County Seat of various governments, and a setting for the development of the Great Northland, it now has only a single winding street with a pier and a general store and postoffice, where the men folks gather in the long twilights and on Sundays to smoke and chat.

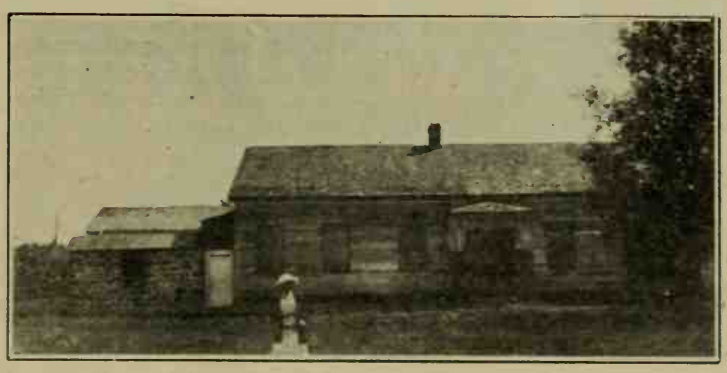
The old original country road skirting the island has been altered and widened. On every side are beautiful vistas of distant islands and the mainland, dense forests, here and there large farms with fertile fields and fine orchards of plum and apple, or a little log cabin of one or two rooms. There is no need of a guide. The bears and wolves do not care to cross the ice from the mainland in the winter. Occasionally one sees a deer stalk out of the forest to drink at the water's edge. Wild duck, partridge and grouse abound. What more could Madeline offer to the "call of the open" than warm sunny days and cooling nights, little rain and the air filled with the aroma of the forest.

There are no Indians left to speak of, yet a hundred years ago the Chippewas were still occupying the northern part of the state and Madeline was their capital. The great chiefs are no more, but of course there is a chief for every tribe, who must go to Washington for allowances. The Government took a hand in the life of the Indian in 1854 and he and his followers were placed on the Odanah Reservation on the mainland, near Bayfield, where they are being taught the teachings of civilization. Today one finds mostly Norwegian fishermen and a few French-Canadians inhabiting the islands, and from them one hears fascinating old legends of Chequamegon Bay, which relate to the times when the husky redmen roamed the vast wilderness in search of fish and game, maintained their villages and customs and fought their mortal enemies, the Sioux. The island was the favorite spot of the Chippewas, partly because of the excellent fishing which was their principal source of support and because it was a secure place of refuge for their women and children when they were across on the mainland, fighting their enemies, the Sioux, in many long and bloody battles. No one pretended to look for peace in those days.

Early in 1839 (so the story goes) the Sioux, who lived on the banks of the Mississippi, came from their home to battle the Chippewas. Close to the Sioux River on the mainland, where the Bayfield Road now runs, the bloodiest battle in the history of the tribes took place, and the waters of Chequamegon Bay ran red with blood for many days. Thus did the river receive its name, because of the defeat of the Sioux.

Most often told is the tale of the great "Chief Wabaghe". He was a highly educated Indian, who disliked the long battles each year which his people were obliged to fight on the mainland to protect themselves. Hard it was to keep his warriors from the "war path" and "war paint," but after many attempts he at last carried out a plan of peace. He and his warriors met the oncoming Sioux at a place now called St. Croix Falls. Swift sped a messenger to Wabasha, Chief of the Sioux.

Old Mission Church.



Old Treaty Hall.

"We have met your warriors time and time and again, and in each battle you have been defeated and driven back ...e, with great numbers of your warriors killed. I wish an end to such slaughter. Let you and I meet together in single combat, and decide once and for all the differences of our bands?"

The braves on both sides were furious, a bloody conflict was to be refused them, they gazed on the two powerful chiefs with doubt as to the outcome while Wabasha pondered. At last he accepted the challenge and the two brawny athletes came together, Wabasha, according to the custom of his mother's people preceding combat giving the signal for support and aid from the Great Spirit. What a surprise to the warriors on both sides, when the two Chiefs affectionately embraced each other instead of locking arms in a death struggle. Sioux and Chippewas rushed forward to inquire the meaning. After the birth of Wabaghe, his mother had been captured by the Sioux, in one of the wars, and became the wife of their Chief and bore a son, who was called Wabasha. But her heart was back at Madeline among her own people, and she taught her little son the traditions of her family, and warned him on her death to do them no harm. Wabaghe heard the call of Wabasha and quickly recognized the relationship, and they met in a long embrace. So the Sioux returned to their home lands beyond the Mississippi and the Chippewas to Madeline, and never again did the two give each other battle.

Indian tradition, which has been handed down from father to son, weaves a thrilling story of the experiences of Radisson and Groseilliers and the splendid missionary efforts of Fathers Allouez and Marquette, all brave, high-spirited men, who followed each other in the discovery of Chequamegon Bay, and holds that Father Allouez's first Mission "La Pointe du Saint Esprit" was on the southern portion of Madeline Island, where the little village of LaPoint now stands.

In Radisson's records of those days (Book IV of his voyages) it tells how he and Groseilliers "went half a day and weare forced to make a carriage to a point and as we came to the other side we weare in a bay of 10 leagues about (Chequamegon Bay.) The same point was a cape very much elevated, that should be fit and advantageous for the building of a fort, which we did in the following spring. At the end of the bay we landed and gave thanks to the God of Gods to see ourselves in a place where we must forsake our boats."

Father Allouez writes (in Relations 1667-70) to his Superior-general at Quebec of his arrival on the shores of the Bay in 1665 and the naming of his Mission—"we chose a site not far from where Raddison erected his log fort six years ago and the long narrow breakwater of sand and gravel to the east guarding the bay led me to name the place 'La Pointe du Saint Esprit'" (Point of the Holy Spirit).

Thus is the Indian tradition forever

(Continued on page 29)

A Remittance Man.

By Marie Dresden

THE road we were following a few summers ago brought us to a little village spread out amiably along the south shore of a large lake in southern Wisconsin! Fox Lake, our maps told us. Within the village the highway remained a road, and did not turn into a street such as one expects to find in an old agricultural country; byways turned off from it, here and there, in a most casual fashion, and seemed to lead on in a charmingly "come-hither" way. Great leafy maples shaded the old frame cottages; ahead of us sloped a hill of green grass, unbroken by any color save the dandelions and brown road, We hesitated to ascend it. Instead, we turned down one of the "come-hither" paths and in a few moments came to a large, sprawled-out cemetery which ended in the marshy reeds of a lake-shore: There was no fence or gate, the mounds with their white stones just beginning here and there, and stopping here and there. It seemed so unarranged, perhaps unordered is a better word, that, despite its being so neat as to trimmed branches and clipped grass, I thought the dead themselves must have lain down, warmly and lazily, wherever they had wished. We left the brown dirt to walk on the thick green grass, and my companion called my attention to a plain marble slab before us. It was old, and rather dusty, but standing erect and stern: at its base little johnny-jump-ups and thick watery moss hugged it closely. The inscription was plain:

William Shore Jr.
Born At
Gainsborough, England
Sept. 8, 1808
Died At
Fox Lake, Wisconsin
March 6, 1868
Thy Will Be Done

"A long way to come to die..., I wonder what he did want, and if he found it," said my companion, tracing the last line with his finger. "There couldn't have been any village here then, to amount to anything. English settlers didn't come to this part of the country at that time."

As we stood there, an old man, rake and hoe over his shoulder, came up behind us.

"Be ye lookin' for some un?" he asked.

"No, just wandering through," I answered, "and we noticed this stone. 'Gainsborough, England.' "

He leaned upon his hoe, ran his fingers through his scanty beard and said, " 'Pears like I heard a story 'bout who he was. I can't think now what it was."

"We were going to stay here tonight," said my companion, "Could we find someone who knows the story?"

The old man looked at us doubtfully, slowly shifting his position and finally answered:

"You go on back to the main street, and a little further on 's a hotel. There's where to stay. And the man who runs it, his mother can tell you. She's been here always, now I come to think on it. Name's Stedman."

We thanked him and turned back to our main highway. The hotel was a low, flat, frame building spread out over a large amount of space; on its long verandas and in its long dark office there brooded the same atmosphere of indolent tolerance I had felt in the streets and in the cemetery.

It wasn't until after supper that we broached the subject to our ruddy-faced landlord, Jim Stedman. He looked at us quizzically and said:

"Very few people are interested in legends and cemeteries any more. All they want to know about is the fishin' and huntin'. But mother knew William Shore: He lived here in this hotel for a while. There was just this center wing then. Come on with me."

He led us up the stairs to a large front room and presented us to his mother. She was a little, wrinkled old lady, seated in a large old-fashioned rocking chair; she was nodding over an old Psalm book. We told her what we wanted, and after rocking back and forth several times, she laid her work down and told us the story.

It seems that she and her husband had bought this inn in 1840. All southern Wisconsin was still deeply forested at that time and the inn was at a cross roads. Only a few little farms were cleared then, and to one of these moved the Englishman and his wife from whom Stedman's bought the hotel. They had come directly from England to Fox Lake. They were called Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hudson. Mr. Hudson did no work, but his money came from England every month. Mrs. Hudson was famed throughout the countryside for her ungovernable temper. They lived entirely alone; Mr. Hudson was friendly with the men who congregated at the inn to play chess, but Mrs. Hudson had hardly a speaking acquaintance with any of the other settlers. One fall morning in 1830 a young man on horseback appeared at the inn, asking for "Henry Hudson Esquire." Soon the whole country-side had learned that a friend of the Hudsons, William Shore, Jr., from England had come to live with them. He was a strangely quiet young man, and spent his entire time riding horseback, reading, and playing chess at the Hotel. After he had moved to the farm with the Hudsons, his interest kept him at the inn all night with Mr. Stedman more than once. No one knew anything of his antecedents, he never spoke to any woman, and received only one letter a month from England.

As time passed he had grown to be a familiar figure in the community, now a good-sized little village. Then one day a young lad of about fourteen years appeared at the inn, announcing that he was Henry Hudson's nephew, "Young Henry," and had come to live with him. Mr. Stedman had pointed out the farm to him and he had gone quietly on to it, living there for some time. Soon it was rumored that Mrs. Hudson was abusing the lad, that her terrible temper was making it impossible for him to live there; and late one night the lad had come to the back-door of the inn, begging for shelter. In the morning he had refused to return to the Hudsons and so he had lived with and worked for the Stedmans until he was nearly thirty years old. The Hudsons had evinced no further interest in him.

In speaking of William Shore Mrs. Stedman said very little in particular. He had always been entirely alone, she reiterated several times, having no friends and only one letter a month from England. He had never, in so far as she knew, spoken to any woman save the store-clerks, Mrs. Hudson, and herself. He spent much of his time riding and hunting all by himself. He hadn't looked sad, she thought, but white and stern, "kinda patient, never smilin' ". She remembered how very grateful he had been for any little favors, and how moved by any kindnesses. In particular she spoke of one Christmas. Everyone at the inn had had gifts, so she had hung a gayly colored stocking filled with candy and fruit on his dining-room chair. After his death she had found the stocking among his things.

So the years had passed, and in March of 1868 William Shore had contracted pneumonia. He had called for "Young Henry," and talked with him privately; after the talk Henry had burned several bundles of papers in the kitchen range. On the sixth day of the month William Shore Jr., had died. His remittance had come on the first as usual, and with that all burial expenses had been met. He had left no will and no means of indentification.

It was "Young Henry" who broke the long silence after he had cabled England. Henry Hudson was not Henry Hudson at all, he said, but Henry Meredith. He had deserted a wife and family in England to come to America with the woman known as Mrs. Hudson. She, a woman of fierce and unbridled passions, he a man under the ban of the law and guilty of moral as well as civil crime, but true to one another all through their years of voluntary exile on a foreign frontier.

Poor Mrs. Hudson, as Mrs. Stedman

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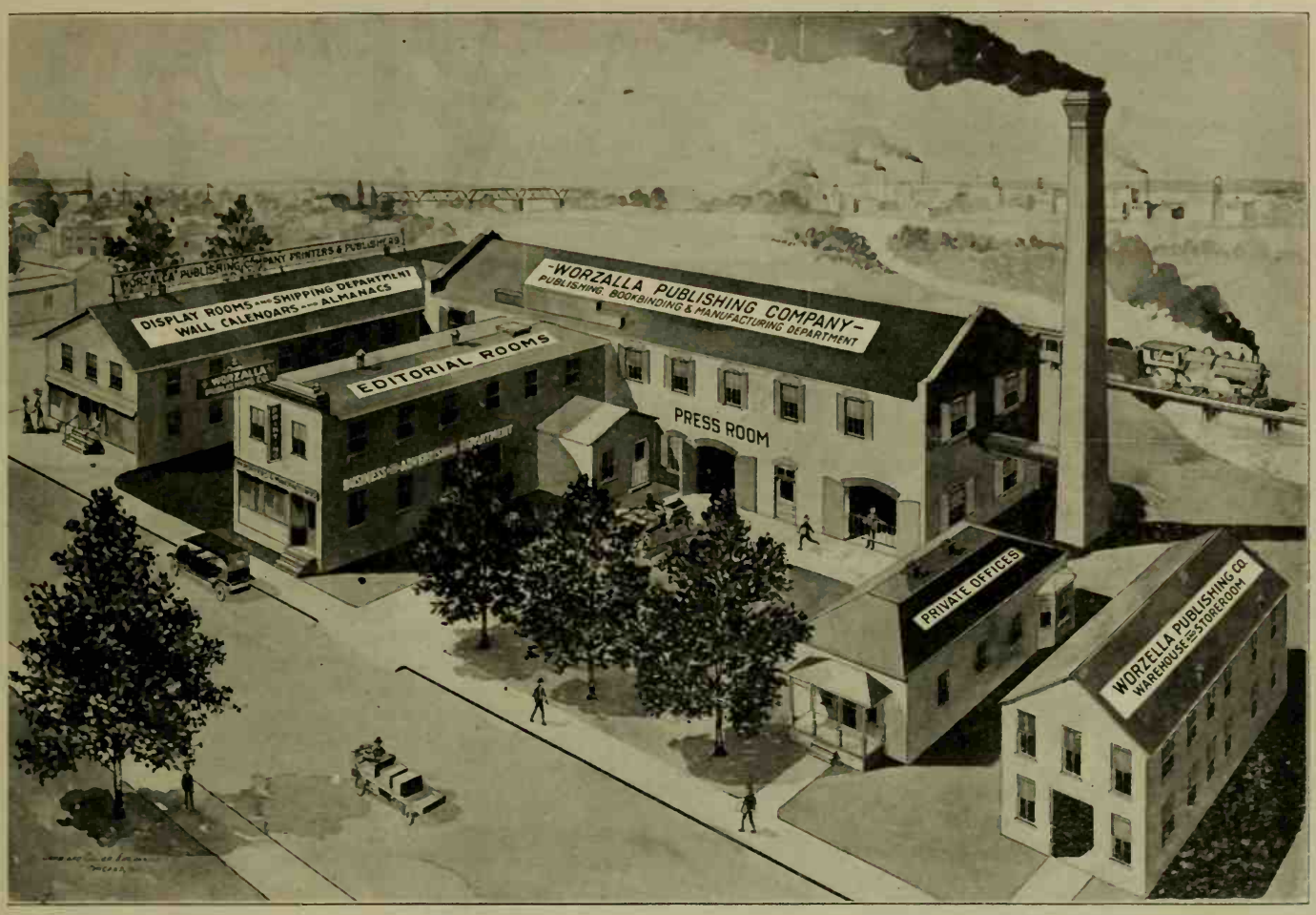

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continually called her in a neglectful tone of voice, had become very ill soon after this. Mrs. Stedman's implication seemed to be that the hand and curse of God had fallen heavily upon the wicked and that Mrs. Hudson's affliction had been, by its very origin, beyond the province of human cure. No nurse or doctor had been able to care for her, so abusive was her tongue, but the neighbors had taken turns, born with her and cared for her in the manner of old time neighborliness. Quietly, one morning, with no explanation whatever, William Shore Jr., had moved his belongings to the hotel and there he had stayed until his death.

Soon after this Mr. Hudson's farm had been listed as vacant, (they had been renters), and without farewell or explanation, Mr. and Mrs. Hudson started for England, via Canada. Only a few weeks had passed when word was received that she had died on the journey and Mr. Hudson had gone on alone.

"Young Henry" was the nephew of Henry Meredith. The Merediths had formerly lived in Gainsborough, England, and there had known the Shore family. William Shore Sr., had a younger brother, who was married and had a daughter—Florence Shore. Distant relatives named Nightingale had died, leaving no heirs to carry on the name and so had bequathed their fortune to the younger Shore family with the condition that they assume the name Nightingale. And Florence Shore became Florence Nightingale. She and William Shore Jr., had fallen deeply in love with one another as they had grown up together, but civil and church law stood between them and marriage, so William Shore had come to America to the only people he knew—to live in a strange land, a lonely "remittance man".

After we had thanked Mrs. Stedman and she had lit her pipe, we walked slowly out of the inn down the dark street. And I thought of the stories I had read of Florence Nightingale, lonely Mother of Humanity — the recent biographies telling of her coldness, sternness, hardness, her entire want of human emotions towards individuals save only that they were members of the human race; of how her nurses and assistants feared her; of that stern, white face with its piercing eyes. And I marveled, thanking God at the same time, at the ability of mankind to mask its deepest emotions.

The next morning we journeyed up that green, green hill, turning at its crest to look down on the sleepy village and the restful cemetery. In appearance it was a place.

"Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea."

But my thoughts were of those scars the passer-by did not see.

"VENERABLE WOODS"

Three years ago we followed this same trail.
How cool it was; the pines rose straight and tall
Until they touched the sky; their waving tops
We could not see, but only hear, as they
Talked with the wind. Long vistas opened—trees,
And yet more trees, on every side—hemlocks
And spruces, too. The sky was hid, but here
And there a patch of gold came down to teach
Some youthful pine or balsam how to grow
Up straight and tall and be a credit to
Those who had gone before. The ground was soft
And springy, with a pungent tang which made
Us want to stop and sniff at every step.
The light was soothing, green and dim. Why, we
Could tramp for days on trails like this. See, there
A rabbit hops across the path. A brook
Runs races with the trail. Last night some deer
Drank here—a fawn, a doe, two bucks; their marks
Are plainly seen in the sweet-smelling muck.
The ferns are quite crushed down. The water's clear
And cold. At last we reach the pond—"Dog Pond"
It's called, because there were so many wolves
Long years ago. The trail ends in a grove
Of feath'ry tamaracks. Spruces and pines
Come gaily trooping down in files as near
The water as they dare. Across the pond
A red fox skulks along, waving his brush;
A trout flops lazily, and all is still
And calm.

Today we tramp along the selfsame trail.
Nelt plods ahead. The coffee-pot and pan
Make an infernal din each step he takes.
The sun beats down; it is so close and hot
We scarce can breathe. The raspberry bushes
Are clutching at us as we pass; they rip
Along our sides and scratch our hands. A few
Black trunks rise here and there, like fingers from
The hand of some martyr who has been burned
To death for crime he knew not of. They gleam
Like evil eyes beneath the sun and smell
Bitter, acrid. The sky is pressing close,
As if it wished to blot this horror out.
The ground is hard, with roots to catch our feet.
A stretch of corduroy comes now, worse than
The trail to walk. The air is dead. We wish
To rest on every stone we see. The brook,
Of course, is dry; only a pool remains—
Turgid, thick, vile—to breed mosquitoes where
Once deer drank deep. What's happened? Why, you see,
Two years ago they lumbered this whole tract.
They took them all, from pines who gravely saw
Our fathers land at Plymouth down to trees
So small they scarce could reach your finger's span—
Perhaps nineteen years old. They left the slash
Around. Of course, it burned; it always does when they
Have cut the trees. We reach the pond. The camp
Is seen across the lake. Some men are there,
For now McMann is cutting a new tract,
The pond has shrunk; it seems to wince beneath
Our gaze. Some orange peels and bright tin cans
Bob on the waves; more cans and bottles strew
The shore. The trout? Oh! they are dead; the men
Used sticks of dynamite to save the time
It took to catch them with a fly. The trees
Come back? Why, no; they never can; at least
Not pine and spruce. Wild cherry, birch, and beech
In ninety years, perhaps; but when they cut and burn
The virgin forest, then it goes for good.
Men mess all things. Why can't they leave some woods?

—Lois Dwight Cole in American Forests.

THE MINISTRY OF THE OUT-DOORS

By REV. L. A. BRENNER
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

THE man who thinks of the Out-Doors in terms of fish and game only, misses much of the real joy and pleasure afforded. To be sure, the fisherman enjoys greatly a goodly string, if for no other reason than to tell the story of his achievement, but some of us have learned that a goodly string is not essential to a successful fishing trip. And that is equally true of the hunter. To be alive and afield, inhaling great draughts of invigorating air—, and to go at will thru forest or over plain, to catch glimpses of a fleeting brook, to observe the trout dart to and fro—, this is genuine pleasure which makes for real happiness on any day in God's Out-Doors.

There is a real ministry in the Out-Doors which has to do with the mind and souls of men. Do not mistake me. I enjoy fishing for fish and the hunt with all the thrills of an unexpectedly good shot or trophy as much as anyone, but in these later years has come added in its ministry to my inner most being. There have been times when having given every ounce of strength to the cause I love, having emptied my very soul to make life a little easier for those who came with their problems, that worn and weary and almost dejected, life did not seem so much worth while. And then out in the sunshine, in the solitude of God's world—perhaps as I cast a fly or simply rested on a log thinking thru my problems, there came the recuperation of soul and body, and life looked brighter and folks better, and I have returned refreshed and made over.

Then too, the wonderful fellowship we find among kindred spirits of the trail and stream. As I write this my memory runs over the years of associations with the royal comrades whose enthusiasm and fellowship have enriched my life and brought to me riches which endure forever and which no one can take from me. How certain experiences stand out. The Day "Lucky" lost the "big one;" the day old Bill and I got caught in the storm and stayed out all night—and the intimate talks we had as we sat by the camp fire waiting for the new day. Some of these great Souls have answered the summons and are fishing the Jordan and its little streams, and others are still here, a bit older and gayer but with a dauntless spirit which makes them ever young.

After all it is God's Out-Doors, and here we live and learn to know Him and to play fairly the game of life and to keep the eternal laws which make for our happiness. Why spoil our lives with envy of the rich, when to us is given the real wealth of June days of flowers and sunshine and sparkling streams and October days of harvest and wonderful hues. For the Out-Doors and a contented mind brings to us riches beyond the dreams of Kings.

TEACHING THEM TO BEHAVE

Education does not mean teaching people what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. It is not teaching the youth the shapes of letters and the tricks of numbers, and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery, and their literature to lust. It means, on the contrary, training them into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies and souls. It is a painful, continual and difficult work to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept, and by praise, but above all,—by example!—**John Ruskin.**

FOX'S GLEN

A distinguishing characteristic of Wisconsin's scenery is, that it does not consist of a few striking features only, but rather its real charm comes from its multitude of minor attractions which oftentimes are unknown outside the immediate neighborhood: the little lake, nestling among the green hills, curious rock formations thruout the wonderful driftless area, or glens of rare beauty which bear mute evidence of Nature's sculptural skill.

Such a beauty spot is Fox's Glen some four miles out from Portage on the Baraboo road. It is unfortunate, indeed, that on account of the vandalism committed here by visitors, it is now closed to the public.

This great gorge in season is clothed with a wonderful growth of vegetation —ferns of many kinds, blood root, jack-in-the-pulpit, anemone, and hosts of others.

The walls which consist of sandstone, alternated with the curious conglomerate which is characteristic of this region, are rugged and carved into strange shapes by the chattering little stream which tumbles from rock to rock in a series of beautiful waterfalls.

—**W. C. English.**
Wyocena.

TO ME IT SEEMS —

To me it seems as if when God conceived the world, that was poetry; He formed it, and that was sculpture; He varied and colored it, and that was painting; and then, crowning all, He peopled it with living beings, and that was the grand divine eternal drama.—**Charlotte Cushman.**

If it were possible to say it of any life insurance company, surely it might be said of The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company of Milwaukee, that it is a Wisconsin concern, for it was incorporated and organized under a special Act of the Wisconsin legislature in 1857 and, continuously since that time, it has maintained its Home Office in Wisconsin; but in no important sense is any successful life insurance company a local institution,—it is essentially national.

The Northwestern Mutual Life, however, has been the chief insuring company of Wisconsin citizens. Since its organization it has paid in excess of $38,000,000 to beneficiaries of Wisconsin men, for death losses and endowments alone, and it now has outstanding some 80,000 policies on the lives of Wisconsin residents, involving protection approximating $225,000,000.

The original charter powers granted this company were terse, but comprehensive. It was authorized to *"insure lives"* and that is what it has been doing steadfastly for sixty-six years. At first, its service was confined to the paying of a lump sum to a stated beneficiary on the death of an assured; now its policy contracts definitely meet every conceivable need for the protection of families and businesses.

Modern personal insurance provides cash to pay taxes, bills, expenses, mortgages and the cost of family readjustment; it furnishes funds for the education of children, monthly checks for living expenses and money for the needs of old age.

Modern business insurance protects an organization against the loss of its Financial Brains, its Production Brains, its Organizing Brains and its Selling Brains. It creates and protects credit. It inspires public confidence and it is easily adjusted to all business exigencies. Partnership and Corporation insurance are nesessities of modern society.

The important thing, nowadays, is to be *expertly advised* in life insurance. The needs of every man should be diagnosed scientifically and a proper program prescribed. This requires scientific, expert service and Northwestern Mutual Life agents are trained with that in mind. They are to be found in every locality of Wisconsin and they may be consulted freely, whether one is in the market for life insurance or not. All Northwestern agents are *expected* to Serve the Public.

The following are general agents in Wisconsin and they will be glad to be consulted. Call upon or write them:

D. N. CAMERON, Old Commercal Bank Bldg., 130 Main St., Oshkosh,
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W. F. McCAUGHEY, 204 Baker Bldg., 523 Main St., Racine,
J. W. McGIVERAN, Northwestern Bldg., 201 Locust St., Hudson,
C. L. McMILLEN, 253-4 Plankinton Arcade, 123 Grand Ave., Milwaukee.

Ladysmith Memorial Park

By Louise La Berge

The passing tourist camps for the night in Memorial Park, situated on the banks of the Flambeau River. The broad river forms two sides of the park, making it a most ideal location. It is a park in the making, but already gives abundant promise of being both a recreational center and a memorial to which the city can point with justifiable pride.

Two years ago the movement to secure a park site for the city was inaugurated by the local branch of the War Mothers under the able leadership of Mrs. J. L. McCorrison. Through their efforts a tract of land on the banks of the Flambeau, comprising about thirty acres, was set aside for that purpose. The real work then began, that of making this bit of rough, wild land into a beauty spot. Winding driveways were laid out, stumps and rocks had to be removed, trees were replanted, the land was smoothed, and a general clean-up took place over the entire area. It was a task which required considerable time and labor and the work is not nearly completed, but the result thus far has been most gratifying and the park is no longer a dream.

With the work in the park well under way, the War Mothers turned their energies toward the erection of a memorial monument to the soldier dead of the county. As a result of their enthusiasm, a life-size statue of an American doughboy, mounted on a granite boulder, now stands in the center of the park.

It is the aim of the park board to make the grounds both useful and beautiful. A bathhouse was one of the first steps toward making the park the center of recreational activities. The crowds of children and grown-ups who make use of this building leave no doubts as to the wisdom of this move. Clean, comfortable camping grounds extend to the eastern and northern sides of the park and near the center is a large kitchen, fitted with ranges and running water and every modern convenience for the camping tourist. Every summer evening finds the lights of campers scattered about the grounds and so inviting are the surroundings that many of them postpone their departures for a few days.

Playground equipment is the topic under consideration for the coming season. The Knights of Pythias began the agitation which now has to back it every public-spirited man and woman in the city. Necessary material will be supplied. Slides, teeter-boards, swings, and sand-piles will make the park a paradise for the children.

The gathering of a small zoo has also been begun and a deer is the first animal to find its home within the confines of the park. So popular is this little creature that other native animals may be added as soon as quarters for keeping them are erected.

The determination and activities of a group of women has resulted in a perpetual source of pleasure to the people of this and many coming generations. A movement begun by one public-spirited woman has gained such headway that it has swept all opposition aside, and the enthusiasm of the entire city is now back of the project. Civic pride is now thoroughly aroused, and will not rest until the task of making Memorial Park a beauty spot of Wisconsin is completed.

MOSS BALING, A WISCONSIN INDUSTRY

By ALICE LUTES

In speaking of the industries of Wisconsin, one must not be unmindful of the minor, though none the less important, occupations, one of which is the baling of swamp moss.

This moss is to be found in almost all marshes and swamps in northern Wisconsin. It is pulled from its beds by the means of long handled forks, the prongs of which are curved in a manner resembling the fingers of a half open hand. It is then tossed on the shrubs and tiny bushes usually found in marshes, and left to dry two or three days, when it becomes soft and light.

When it is dry, or nearly so, it is baled with a hand baler which has been set up in some convenient place. It is then ready to be shipped to nurserymen and florists, who prefer it to exelsior for the packing of their plants and cut flowers, as it is much lighter and softer and holds moisture longer.

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Marshall, a little town of 450 population, located in Dane County, recently sent in fifty subscriptions to *The Wisconsin Magazine* through one of its church organizations. They needed money for their church work, and this is how they raised part of it.

Beloit, through its Professional and Business Women's Club, has pledged itself to six hundred subscribers for the city of Beloit. This is how they are going to pay their contribution to the welfare work of their city.

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Old Dutch Fuddle

By Daisy Grenzow

"YOU men down there, you sit where you belong!" thundered the minister, after he had mounted the three steps leading to the pulpit and had noticed that two men were sitting on the left side of the church, usually occupied only by the ladies. "I'll not preach one word," he continued in the old-time preacher's loudest and most menacing tones, "with such disorder in the House of God."

Such was the actual beginning of a church service in Old Dutch Fuddle Church of Clarno Township, Green County, fifty years ago.

Rebels and Reformers.

The men who had dared to violate the tradition of Old Dutch Fuddle, that men and women must be separated by the gulf of the great center aisle during services, even as the biblical sheep are separated by a greater gulf from the biblical goats, looked defiant and said nothing. They did not smile, they did not look at their neighbors. They gazed straight at the minister — but they were defiant. It was the serene gaze of the righteous man who bravely seeks to break the galling fetters of tradition; or, perhaps, it was the impudent gaze of an ordinary troublemaker who does not even fear to desecrate the House of God.

"Ushers, take those men to different seats," snapped the preacher.

The ushers, two huge, brawny, sunbrowned men standing near the door started forward, but still they hesitated. It could not be that they were afraid, certainly not with a physical fear. Perhaps they themselves did not feel much reverence for this strange tradition brought from the "old country." But the eyes of all were upon them, and what was more, the preacher had commanded them. So they moved forward and obeyed. They seized the culprits by the arm and attempted to pull them to their feet. But the law-breakers were still defiant. They clung to their seats and could not be budged. The ushers could do nothing but return to their station at the door, slightly chagrinned but still not too crestfallen.

And the minister preached his sermon!

That was a tradition first broken, that the German and Swiss fathers of these people had set up when they came to Green County with their stern ideas of the Sabbath and established this church. There are many churches in Wisconsin whose founders made similar regulations and established similar customs that were only gradually modified in later years. But such changes were not accomplished in a day — nor in a year and a day. And so the order of Dutch Fuddle was not revolutionized merely by two men refusing to be taken from their seats or to sit where tradition said was their rightful place. The minister, still maintained that the sexes must be separated during the services. But the young men of the congregation would leave no such notion unchallenged. Others followed the example of the first intrepid two and repeatedly crossed the forbidden aisle. Some even dressed as women in order to trespass the sacred rule of the minister and elders!

Old Dutch Fuddle, in common with many other churches in Wisconsin fifty years ago, was the setting of other strange and to us ludicrous scenes and incidents, now forgotten by all but a few of the old settlers. Those were the days when religion was an extremely vital matter to everyone and when the church was the center of life of the community. Every farmer within a radius of several miles of the church would stow his family in his only vehicle of travel — the "lumberwagon" — on a Sunday morning and go to worship. As those, too, were the days of large families; sometimes as many as three or even four seats were required so that the children might ride in comfort. These seats were provided by the simple expedient of slipping three or four boards of the right length between the top and the lower box of the wagon. It was not unknown for the boys to ride to church sitting on the floor of the wagon with their legs dangling out behind!

The ministers of the day were noted more for their piety and zeal than for their learning and culture. What they lacked in education, they made up by inspiration of the Spirit and by their fiery eloquence. Often, rather than deploring their lack of "book-knowledge", they were proud of it and boasted that they had no need of preparation, that all they needed do was to open their mouths and the Spirit of the Lord would direct them what to say. As a consequence, their sermons were often interspersed with numerous "Ah's" and "Ah me's" and words long drawn out as they half paused waiting for inspiration to go on. These extremely orthodox addresses were delivered in tones that any present day college cheer-leader might well envy; they could be heard distinctly at a distance of half a mile.

And they sang!

Old Dutch Fuddle was furnished with high-backed, cushionless benches and a small, unpretentious pulpit placed on a small platform for the minister. It had no organ or other musical instrument, but even so the people organized a choir! The leader had the task

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of directing a choir of some twenty-five or thirty members, and he did not even possess a pitchpipe! To give the singers the pitch for a song, he would sing a part of the scale until he had reached the right note and then he would give the signal to start. Thus he would sing, "Tra-la-la-la" and then say, "Sing!"—and his problem was solved.

Revivals.

The great event of the year was the revival meeting, which was usually held in mid-winter. During these meetings people came from even greater distances than for ordinary services, and the crowds were correspondingly greater. Many came because of a sincere interest in religious affairs, but others were merely rowdies and came for the diversion offered or, perhaps to make mischief. The meetings were often prolonged for two or three weeks and so they were colloquially known as "protracted meetings."

A long bench which was known as the "mourners' bench" was placed in the front of the church in preparation for the "mourners" who would "come forward". Then the preacher would begin his exhorting. Usually he would depict the horrible scenes of Judgment Day and the terrors of Hell that awaited the sinner who refused to repent. What he lacked in actual fact he readily made up in imagination and he drew pictures that made fearful impressions. After the emotions and nerves of listeners had been played upon for an hour or more, he would call the "sinners" to "come forward". Scores of the more sensitive and sometimes even the most hardened old sinners would flock to the "mourners' bench" and the preacher would pray with them. When a man saw sufficient light to jump up and shout, "Hallelujah!" the elders would nod their heads approvingly and say, **"Er ist durch gekommen, er ist durch gekommen."** (Now he is come through).

Dutch Fuddle still stands today. It is somewhat better furnished today than it was fifty years ago, but its flock is much smaller than it was then. It has no resident pastor and is visited but periodically by a minister from a neighboring city. In common with many rural churches, the automobile has taken its congregation to the city.

ADVENTURING WITH LAKE FISHERMEN

(Continued from page 4)

of the game, the quest of the trout. Today, tomorrow, and on for weeks he is tugging at the hooks at one level, then—gone.

The "twine" bellies idly in the current, and the lifter hoists naught but dripping strands into the boat. The hooks come skipping from the water with limp, decomposing baits dragging dolefully. The scavenger gull stands guard over eggs deposited in loose pebbles on a rocky shore, lone and desolate, far to the northward. The trout too has migrated to new haunts.

It is a testing time for fishermen's mettle. It is a disheartening time of empty twine and current-swayed hooks. This level and that level, tested time and again, yield only stragglers and wanderers feebly trying the strands of nets made to support hundreds of pounds.

Then one day the nets are weighted with trout found foraging in deeper waters, and the hooks at the end of a taut line impale gray-backed creatures which bring with them the freshness of the cold depths. Then the fish shanties ashore resound with the blows of hammers driving nails into packing boxes, the wind rasps at the weather-frayed corners of the port shack, and the shanty kettle on a stove, awry with the weight of a staggering pipe, chortles as it bubbles and steams with a "fish lunch",—a lake trout boiling with potatoes in the jackets—the delicacy which will reward boys who help pack the catch and who look upon the life of a fisherman as endless days of romantic adventure.

In the harbor after the day's run. The poles leaning against the shack are claim stakes with marking flags at the tip. The white objects hanging on the shanty wall are net floats.

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A NOTABLE WISCONSIN EVENT

(Continued from page 9)

with the 18th U. S. Colored Infantry. Mr. Thomas was born a slave but was freed by Northern troops.

The encampment was honored by the presence of Wisconsin's only living war nurse, Mrs. Helen B. Cole of Sheboygan. A young widow of nineteen when the war started, she became secretary to Mrs. Wittenmeyer, who had charge of the government nursing service with headquarters in Washington, D. C. Later she became a nurse. She saw Abraham Lincoln many times on his visits to the hospital camp to cheer the sick and wounded and talked with him often.

The Women's Relief Corps claims distinction of being the largest patriotic organization of women in the world.

The Wisconsin Department of the National Alliance, Daughters of Veterans which was organized last September, is attending its first Wisconsin Encampment here. Mrs. Edna L. Blume, Waukesha, is the president.

On the afternoon of the last day election of officers of the Grand Army of the Republic, Wisconsin Division, took place; and the last night was devoted to the Great Camp Fire Meeting at the high school auditorium, which formally and appropriately closed the 58th Encampment of the Wisconsin Grand Army of the Republic.

CAN WE TRUST INDUSTRY TO GOVERN ITSELF

(Continued from page 11)

peace, to find the way forward in collaboration, to give of their best for the satisfaction of human needs. There must come to industry the orderly functioning that we have been able to develop in our political life. We must find the way to the development of an industrial franchise comparable to our political franchise. There must be developed a sense of responsibility and justice and orderliness.

It is set forth that "To function must be the object and democratic participation of all who give service must be the mechanism that makes this possible."

Samuel Gompers has written that "Humanity is becoming well organized along lines of usefulness" that run hither and thither across all manner of political boundaries. These organizations, he has pointed out, "are making rules of life and conduct" which affect many millions of persons.

"The rules made by organizations of employers and manufacturers," he has said, "affect materials and they affect conduct. That is, they are exactly like the laws made by political government; one set affects property, another set affects life."

Mr. Gompers has pointed out that "employers make laws and workers make laws" and that "both, sitting together, make laws." And, "the laws so made are the laws that today most vitally affect the masses of the people and most surely protect the foundations of civilization."

Coming of Industry's Government

MR. HOOVER, in Cleveland, almost echoed these further words of Mr. Gompers: "Industry will build up its government of industry. Industrial government must come to save industrial society." From what? From the menace of an overshadowing state bureaucracy, reaching out, grasping for more and more dominion, more and more power, more and more machinery, more and more armies of men and women engaged in doing what at best they can only partly understand —and forever playing politics to keep their jobs.

The two well recognized philosophies—to give them their big, scientific name—are at work. The emotionalists and the intelligentsia all flock to the banner of state domination. They are all for calling the cops—all for rushing ahead into state operation of all kinds. They are for putting the government into more business. There never was a time when there were so many dogmas and isms, so many sects and insects, so many propagandists of the coteries, as another has called them. Some are more drastic and poisonous, more crazy and destructive than others, but they have at least one common denominator, and that is: more power to the state.

The state is not omnipotent. It has no super intelligence. It has little more than the average intelligence of those who comprise the state, and it never can have. Industry has in each of its branches and divisions the expert knowledge developed in that branch. That is something to think about too.

So, there we are. Where do we go from here? Do we follow the holiday banners of those who have many banners and much emotion, but little knowledge, little comprehension and mostly not much responsibility? Or do we stick to the underlying philosophy of American life, recognizing that we live in an industrial age which if it can go forward normally, will make life better and better, but which, if tampered with too much, if thwarted by "verboten" signs too generously sprinkled around, may engulf itself and all about it?

There is a clear road, but it is not a short one. "Utopia" is not to be written in flaming letters across tomorrow's sky. It is not a case of a Promised Land into which we may all troop cheerfully, bedecked in garlands. Nothing like that! It is merely a case of natural, evolutionary development. What the state domination folks would do is to thwart this evolutionary development. The other thing is to recognize the normal thing and give it a chance. And perhaps to help it along here and there. Yes, very much to help it along. Because those who see the road have many chances to travel more speedily —and perchance even to fix the road a bit as they go.

There never was a time when humanity had it so within its power to shape the future, or to give natural forces a chance to develop naturally.

And finally, this: If we don't stop calling that cop, presently the cop will have us locked up. After that happens it will be very difficult to write "and they lived happily ever after" as the finis of the story of American industrial civilization.

IN SPITE OF ALL

Bad will be the day for every man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life that he is living, with the thoughts that he is thinking, with the deeds that he is doing, when there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger, which he knows that he was meant and made to do because he is still, in spite of all, the child of God. **—Phillips Brooks.**

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MADELINE AND THE PAST

(Continued from page 19)

discredited that the first home of the Catholic faith was on Madeline Island. For if one checks up these definte descriptions with an old map, it shows the landing to be on the mainland, along the southern shore of the Bay, between what now is Ashland and Washburn.

It is hard to imagine the experiences that came to Father Allouez. On landing he erected a crude altar on the beach and there the first service on Wisconsin shores was celebrated with "Water and the Word," and a small gathering of redmen, who watched the arrival of the "Black Gown" and his strange actions.

Life was not an easy one for the "Pale Face". Back and forth he labored between the different villages and clearings, careful of his words and actions so as not to offend the sensitive spirits of the savages, visiting the sick and the dying, and in general carrying out the missionary work of the Church in his efforts to win a lost people to the Christian faith. All the time he was buffeted by the strong opposition of the "Medicine Men," who with strange words and ways fired the imagination of the savages and connected his every word and act with the "Evil Spirit". Patiently he labored for four long years at his dreary task, until broken in health and discouraged at heart, he was transferred, and the little Mission stood silent and alone.

But not for long, for an earnest, consecrated life in the person of young Father Marquette was on its way from Sault Ste. Marie, through ice and snow and constant dangers, to find fulfillment of an ambition. He entered into his work at the Mission with a zeal and enthusiasm rare in the annals of the Church, and became so familiar with Indian customs and their food of corn and cooked meats, that he quickly made friends with the moccasined redskins, altho he did not speak their language perfectly. Often his labors took him to the island of St. Michel to the north, where the sqaws and children planted small fields with corn, squashes and tobacco, and the savages spent their days in fishing.

And here on St. Michel one day Father Marquette learned of the return of certain religious pictures he had sent the Sioux ("to teach them through their eyes") with a declaration of war. Hastening back to the mainland at La-Point du St. Esprit he found that little time had been wasted in deliberation. Speedy runners carried the message to the distant villages. The Ottawas and the Hurons decided to return to their earlier homes, the former to Manitoulin Island in Lake Huron, and the Hurons to the island of Michillmackinac near the Sault. The hunting, fishing and cultivated fields were all abandoned, as large quantities of dried food was brought into the Mission, and to Madeline Island, then to "St. Michel," noted for its birch, did the Hurons go to hew and cut the wood for the hundreds of canoes. Among all these hurried preparations for departure moved a black-robed figure with a spiritual face giving counsel and brave words, caring for the sick and dying, and helping in every way possible.

Later when all the frail crafts were started on their journey of 500 miles and more (so the Indian story goes) Father Marquette was seen to drop his paddle, and with bowed head, speak a benediction on the fast-fading forest mantled shores to the west, where he and Father Allouez had labored. Forever was the little Mission "La Pointe du Saint Esprit" deserted, never again in the history of New France to bear the footprints or echo to the words of Christian missionaries, abandoned to the wiles of savage tribes and the fur-traders.

Thus reads the story of Madeline, the beautiful island capital of the Indians in the past, as it has come down the years.

BACK TO THE FARM, SAYS EDISON

It is undeniable that the great quest of humanity is happiness. But was the world created to be happy? How many are truly happy? I've studied people in all classes and conditions, and everywhere I have found, when you get below the surface, that it is mostly the insincere individual who says, "I am happy." Nearly everybody wants something he hasn't got, and as things are constructed, what he wants is money —more money than he has in his pocket.

But after all, money can buy only a few things. Why should any one envy the captains of industry? Their lives are made up of those vast, incessant worries from which the average individual is happily spared. Worry, worry, that is the evil of life.

What do I consider the nearest approximation to happiness of which the present human nature is capable? Why, living on a farm which is one's own, far from the hectic, artificial conditions of the city—a farm where one gets directly from one's own soil what one needs to sustain life, with a garden in front and a healthy, normal family to contribute those small domestic joys which relieve a man from business strain—**Thomas Edison.**

A TASK FOR A MAN

To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same condition, to keep friends with himself; here is a task for all a man has of fortitude and delicacy.—**Robert Louis Stevenson.**

NEW BOOKS WORTH READING

The prosperity and happiness of Wisconsin will always depend upon the prosperity and happiness of her farmers. There is a tendency on the part of the city man or woman to think that the problems of the farmers are none of their business. Nothing could be further from the truth, for if we are to get along as a State there must be some understanding on the part of each economic group of the problems of the other groups. Professor Charles J. Galpin, formerly assistant professor of sociology at the University of Wisconsin, author of numerous articles and books on rural life, now in charge of the Division of Farm Population and Rural Life in the United States Department of Agriculture, has just written a book called **Rural Social Problems** (The Century Company, New York). It is the first of a series entitled "The Century Rural Life Books" published by The Century Company, of which Mr. Galpin is the editor. This first book is in a way a survey of the entire series, taking up in generalities what the later books will discuss specifically. It is an excellent piece of work, presenting the issues in a clear and interesting fashion, and can be read by the average reader wihout any difficulty because it is non-technical. Mr. Galpin shows a broad and sympathetic understanding of the problems of the farm as well as of the rural community and while he faces unflinchingly the problems that face the farmer and his community, he sounds a note of optimism and points the way toward a greater, a better, a more prosperous and contented agricultural life in the United States.

Wild Cherry, by L. W. Reese (The Norman, Remington Company, Baltimore), is a delightful little book of verse. It will have a wide appeal because it is not only beautiful poetry but has in it a touch of the familiar things. It has imagination, imagery, and a fine combination of sentiment and form.

Elizabeth Jordan, the Wisconsin author about whom we published an article in the May number, has written a novel called **The Lady of Pentlands**. (The Century Company, New York). It is a mystery story of intriguing complexity and grips the attention of the reader during the first half, but falls down in the solution, which is disappointing because it is unplausible. This may not be an objection in the minds of the readers who do not look for plausibility in the solution of a mystery, however.

Enchanted Aisles, by Alexander Wollcott (G. P. Putman's Sons, New York), is one of the most interesting books of reflections on contemporary artiste that have come out during the last decade. Here we see pass in review some of the most interesting contemporare characters, such as for instance, De Pachmann, about whom Woollcott says: "As every one knows, De Pachmann, with many winks, chuckles, groans and appeals to heaven, keeps up a continuous, murmurous chatter about the music he is invoking. To himself, to the spirits of the dead, to any within range of his half-whispered monologue, he talks about that music, about how it came to be written, how Liszt played it, how he hopes to play it, how beautiful it is, and so on, and so on. It is chatter which only a few can hear distinctly and of which the eccentricity sets the remoter or more woolly witted auditors into a fit of the giggles. If you are nearer you see how the moods of the melody — fear, hope, anger, love, gayety, despair — write themselves on every aspect of his mobile face, in very line of his responsive body. If you are nearer still you can hear enough to know he is now exultant in a free and childlike way at his own astonishing dexterity, now mortified at his own shortcomings, now grateful to whatever god brought the wonder of music into an ugly world." In the same expressive style the author tells us about Sarah Bernhardt, Madame Cocaud, Neysa McMein, Chaplin, Mrs. Fiske, Booth Tarkington, John Drew, and many others, all of whom this remarkable American critic knows with an astonishing intimacy and appreciation, both of their personalities and of their art. In addition this volume contains some illuminating and superbly clever critical essays.

Wallace Smith, the author of that fascinating volume **The Little Tigress of Mexico** has written another book in a softer mood, and also illustrated by himself, called **On the Trail of the Yellowstone** (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York). There is a quiet, somnolent, delicious humor in his description of the vagabondage through Yellowstone with several companions. Mr. Smith has a nice appreciation of the little adventures that make travel and exploration worth while, and this little volume should be of interest not only to those who have had the privilege of going through Yellowstone but to those who contemplate making the trip.

In and Under Mexico (Century Company, New York), by Ralph McAllister Ingersoll, is literal in its title, for the author, who is a mining engineer, has been under Mexico as well as in it. As the publishers say on the jacket of the book, "It is the attempt of one who has lived with certain adventurers of the Twentieth Century, fought with their weapons of steel, compressed air and dynamite, drunk their beer, eaten their food, danced with their wives, to catch a little of the color of this life and preserve it. It is the fact-story of a copper mine in Mexico".

Killing by poison was as frequent in the olden days, and just as stupid, as it is today. But in the olden days it was done on a grander scale and often associated itself with characters high in society, and played an important part in the political life. Mr. C. J. S. Thompson, authority on poisons and poison crimes, has written a book called **Poison Mysteries in History, Romance and Crime** (J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia). The story of these mysteries is told with such frankness that it avoids the danger of morbidity, which is so often the fault of books of this kind. The book takes us through historic poison cases of England, Scotland, France and Italy and is especially interesting in its relation of the notorious Borgias family of royal poisoners. If such a book can be said to have a moral as well as a fascination, it is that insidious as is the crime of killing by poison, it is one of the easiest crimes to trace.

While America may not have a monopoly on homeless men and the occasional worker, the American hobo is a type dis-

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What Do You Know About It?

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We are anxious to find out what the trouble is, and how to remedy it. Perhaps you can tell us.

To get a response on the subject, we are offering three cash prizes for the three best essays answering the three queries: Why should every citizen vote? Why do so many of them fail to vote? How can they be made to vote?

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There is no condition attached as to length of the essays, but they must be in our hands on or before October 15, 1924.

Try it; perhaps you will win. In any case, we want to know what you think about this vital subject. ADDRESS:

ESSAY CHAIRMAN

The Wisconsin Magazine, Madison, Wisconsin

tinctly American and he constitutes a class which has set up many problems, both economic and sociological. Mr. Nels Anderson, who has spent a large part of his life among hobos and tramps, who "knows their hopes and dreams, their strength and weakness" and understands the problems they face as well as those they create, has written an interesting book called **The Hobo** (The University of Chicago Press). It is a sympathetic and comprehensive description of the hobo, interesting to the average reader because of its human element and to the student because of its accurate information and constructive suggestions.

It seems to be a common conception in this country that when England put into power its Labor Government that the men selected to conduct that government stepped directly from the foundries and farms, the machine shops and the mills, into positions of power and responsibility. Such an idea will be quickly dispelled if one reads Iconoclast's **England's Labor Rulers** (Thomas Seltzer. New York). This book contains concise biographies of England's first Labor Government, with twenty-eight pen and ink portraits by Sidney L. Hydeman. The total impression after reading this book is that in spite of the fact that these men have had a broad and intimate contact with labor as a class, they have without exception had a thorough preparation and training, either formally or informally, for the positions to which they have been appointed.

Charles Scribner's Sons (New York) have just republished Francis Parkman's **The Oregon Trail** in "The Modern Student Library" edition ($1.00). This is an opportunity for any one interested in the history of the West to put into his library one of the great American classics in a handy, well printed, and inexpensive edition. We believe that every one should at some time read this graphic description of the pioneer West.

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

The name of Dr. Orison Swett Marden is known to thousands of people throughout our country and the world and many a young man and young woman will acknowledge with deep appreciation the inspirational values that his books have contained. Dr. Marden is dead; but his works will live because they contain the essence of the human philosophy that tends to make life better and bigger. In their preface to Dr. Marden's last work, **The Conquest of Worry**, his publishers (Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York) have this to say: "As this book goes to press, word is received that the author has passed away. The relations between Dr. Orison Swett Marden and the publishers were such that the tidings come with a sense of personal loss, irrespective of business relations. For over a quarter of a century this firm has been issuing his books, and never in all that time did he write a line of other than cheer, uplift, and inspiration.

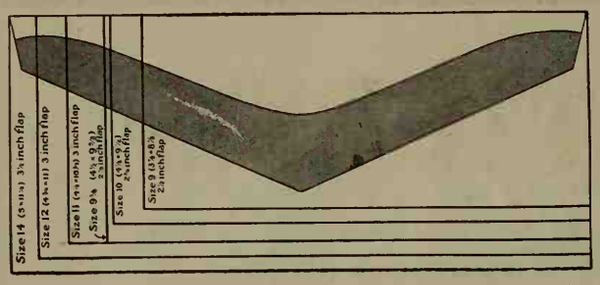
"More than two and a half million copies of his books have been published, in more than twenty different countries. Who can estimate the enormous good of such a widespread message? Dr. Marden was constantly in receipt of letters from persons whom he had thus helped, or who sought a personal word of advice. It is said that a college was founded in India as a direct result of this first book, **"Pushing to the Front."**

"Dr. Marden was his own best exemplar. Beginning life as a friendless orphan, he worked his way through college and to distinction in more than one line of enterprise. Many distinguished men, including two Presidents, claimed him as a friend. He was the founder of Success Magazine and remained its editor until his death.

"**The Conquest of Worry** is a typical utterance from him. He believed in the casting out of Fear, Worry, and every attendant ill by the exercise of the higher emotions. It is a worthy closing utterance, but we hope and believe not the last, as we understand that he had gone over the manscript of another volume during the last weeks of his life.

"He laid down his pen at the ripe age of seventy-five busy, far-reaching, and clear-visioned to the last."

The Old Darnman (Funk and Wagnalls, New York) by Charles L. Goodell will, in the opinion of the writer, be included as one of the great classics of America. It can be read in about twenty minutes and the reader will lay down the book with a soft feeling about the heart and a greater conviction that, in spite of all, there is in humanity much that is lovable and loyal and genuine.



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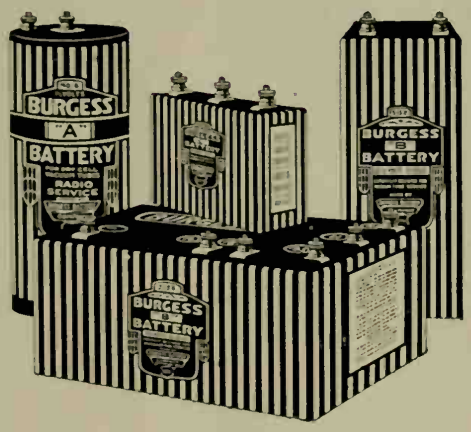

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